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# GUNSMOKE

"TROOPERS BEWARE!"...the Marshal warned,  
and backing his play was  
a Yankee hating ex-Confederate.





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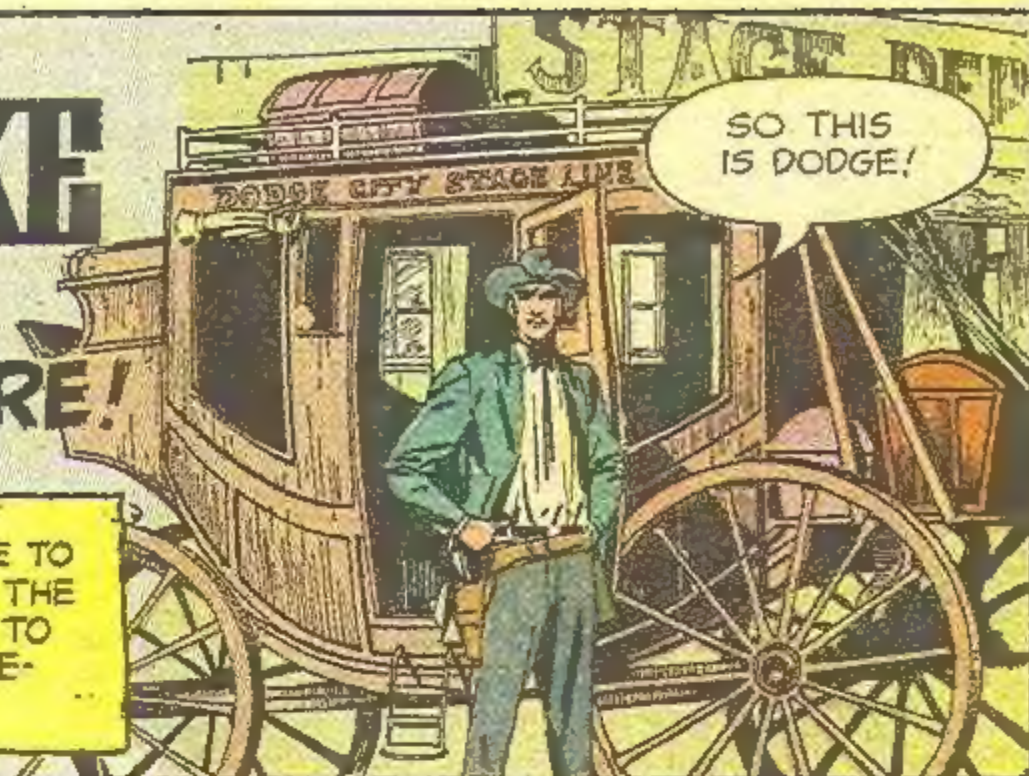
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# GUNSMOKE

## TROOPERS, BEWARE!

**DODGE CITY!**— TO SOME, A PLACE TO DUMP BUFFALO HIDES, TO OTHERS THE END OF THE TRAIL DRIVE--- AND TO MANY, LIKE CLAY KENTON, THE BEGINNING OF TROUBLE!



MARSHAL, I SAW YOUR SIGN! HERE IS MY GUN! CHECK IT IN THE NAME OF CLAY KENTON!

THANKS, MR. KENTON! NICE TO HAVE A VISITOR WHO READS SIGNS FOR A CHANGE!



I'M NOT JUST PASSING THROUGH, SUH! I'VE COME UP FROM THE SOUTH TO MAKE A HOME HERE! MY WIFE'S FOLLOWING ON THE STAGE IN A FEW DAYS!

IF WE CAN BE OF ANY HELP, JUST CALL ON US!



I DO RIGHTLY APPRECIATE THAT, SUH! NOW THAT I'VE OBLIGED THE LAW, I'LL BE ON MY WAY!



HE SURE SEEMS LIKE A LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN, MR. DILLON!

UM— COULD BE, CHESTER! --- COULD BE!



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TWO NIGHTS LATER...

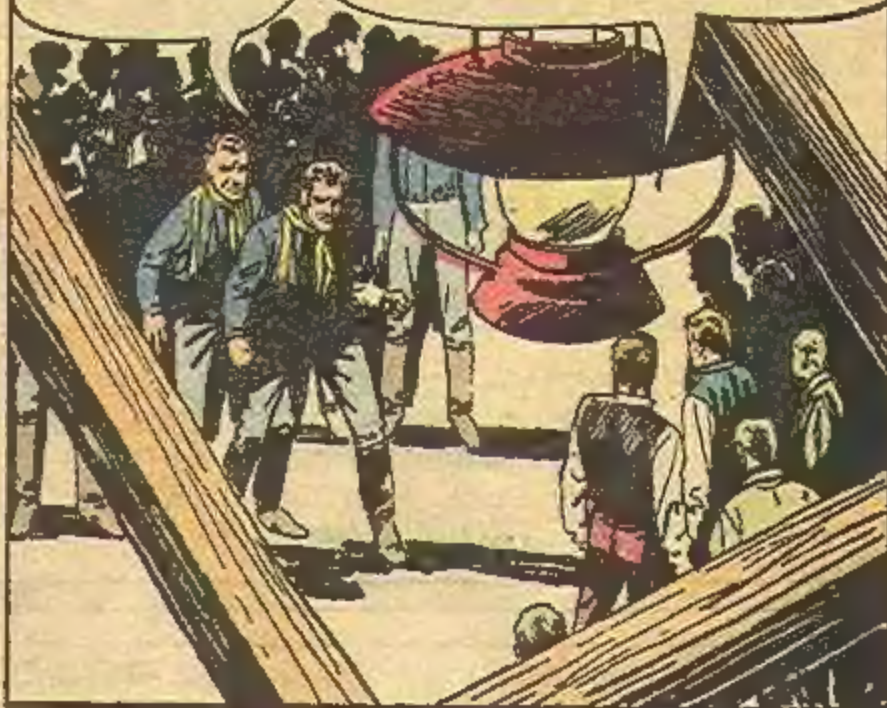
YOU CAN HEAR THE RUCKUS CLEAR OUT TO HERE, MARSHAL!

SOUNDS MORE LIKE A SHOWDOWN THAN A HOEDOWN!



NO CIVILIAN IS TAKING MY GAL FROM ME!

COME ON, FELLOWS! LET'S SHOW THE GIRLS THAT A UNIFORM DOESN'T MAKE A MAN!



BREAK IT UP!



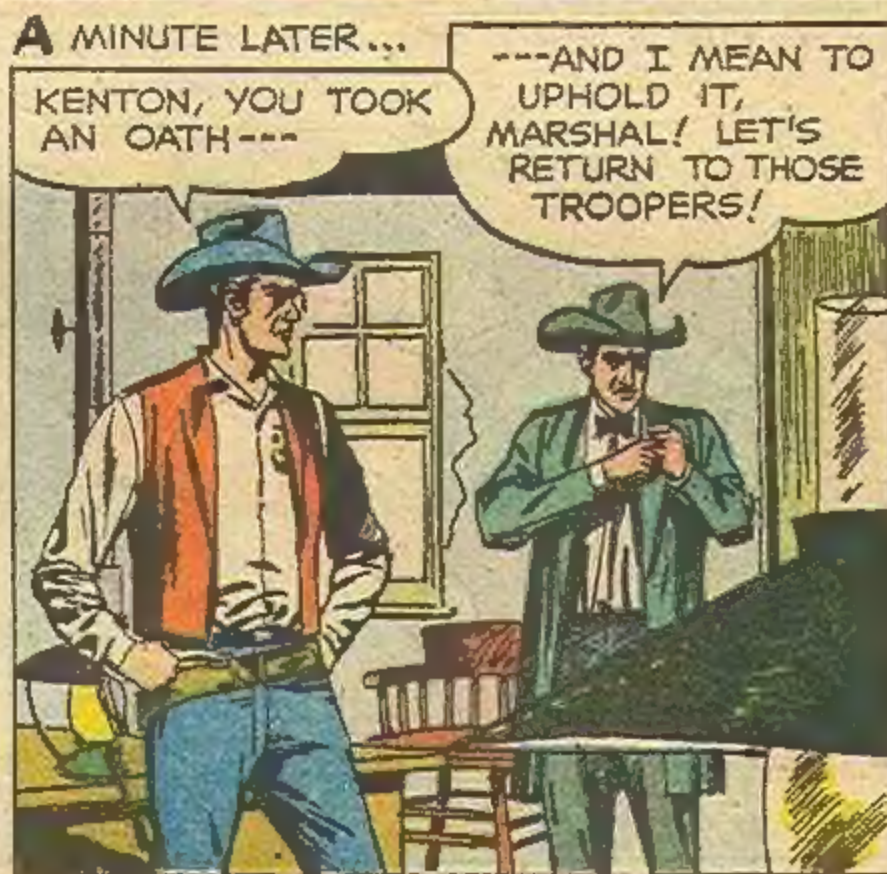
WE WILL, MARSHAL! SOON AS WE RUN OUT OF CIVILIANS!



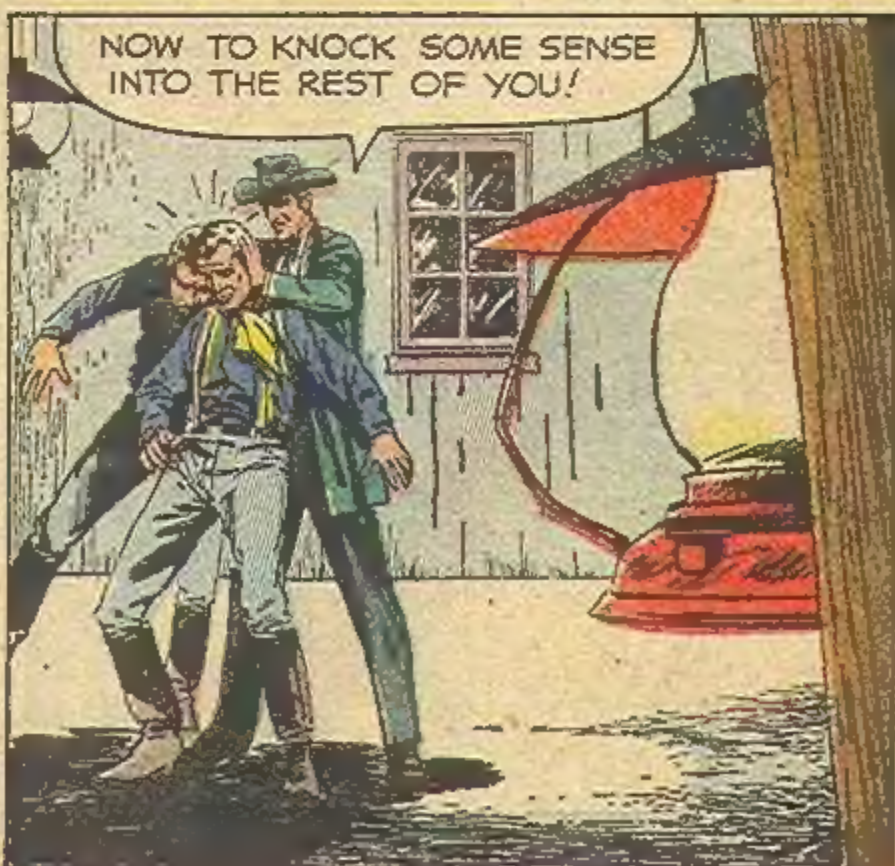
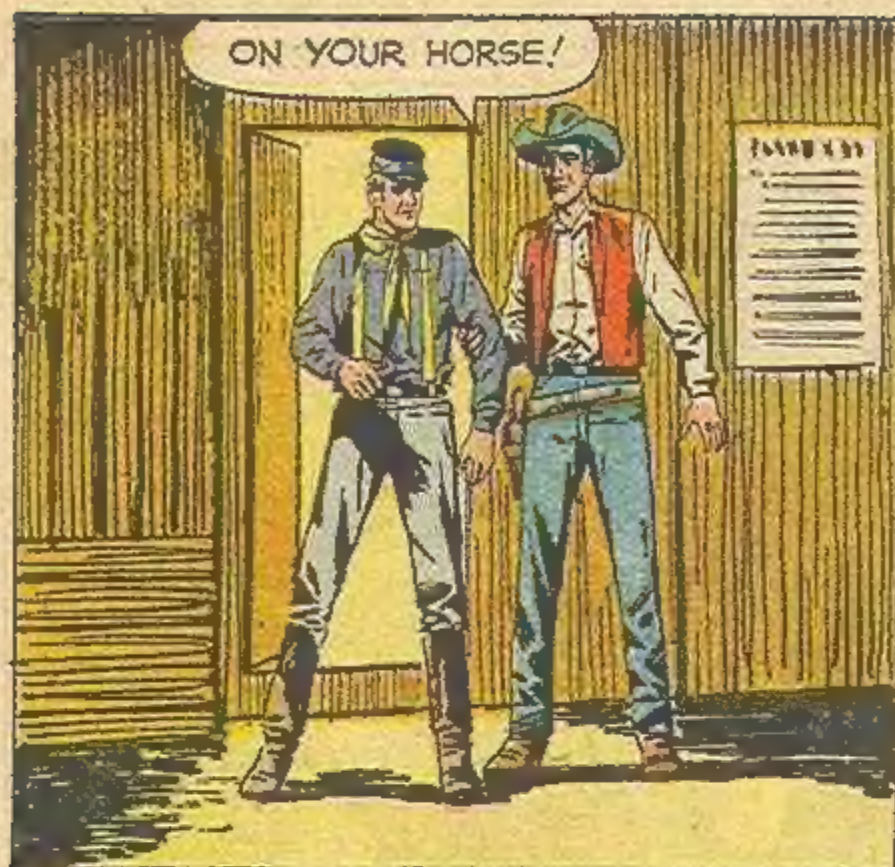
I SAID **NOW** AND I MEAN IT!



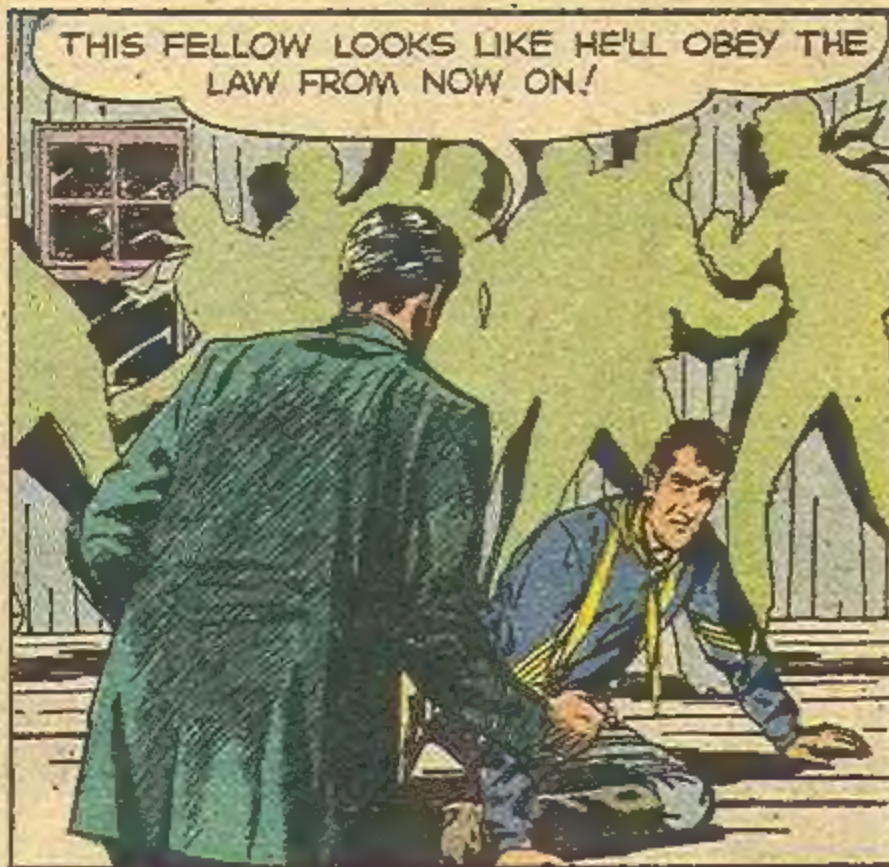
















I KNEW WE WERE MORE THAN THEIR MATCH!

YOU OVERPLAYED YOUR HAND, KENTON! WHY WERE YOU SO ROUGH?



I WAS JUST DOING WHAT THIS BADGE SAID I SHOULD DO!



THEN I'LL TAKE BACK THE BADGE! IT'S NOT A PERMIT TO STRIKE WHEN THERE'S NO NEED TO!



HERE'S THE BADGE AND GUN! I WAS ONLY TRYING TO HELP!



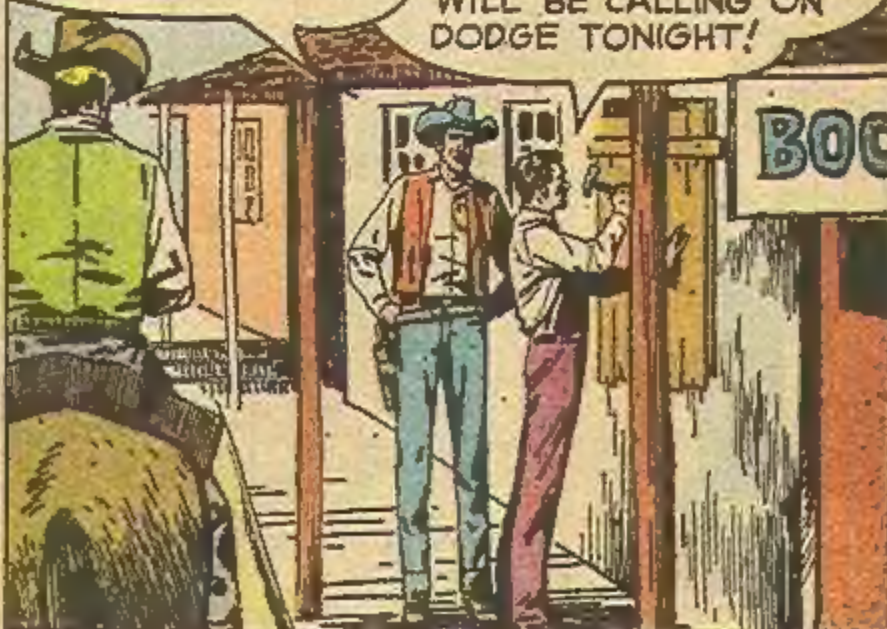
YOU KNOW, MR. DILLON, HE SEEMED TO GENUINELY ENJOY PLOWING INTO THOSE TROOPERS!

YES, CHESTER, THAT'S WHAT HAS ME WONDERING WHAT REALLY WAS PROMPTING KENTON TO HELP OUT! HE WAS CARRYING OUT MORE THAN HIS DUTY WHEN HE LASHED INTO THOSE SOLDIERS!

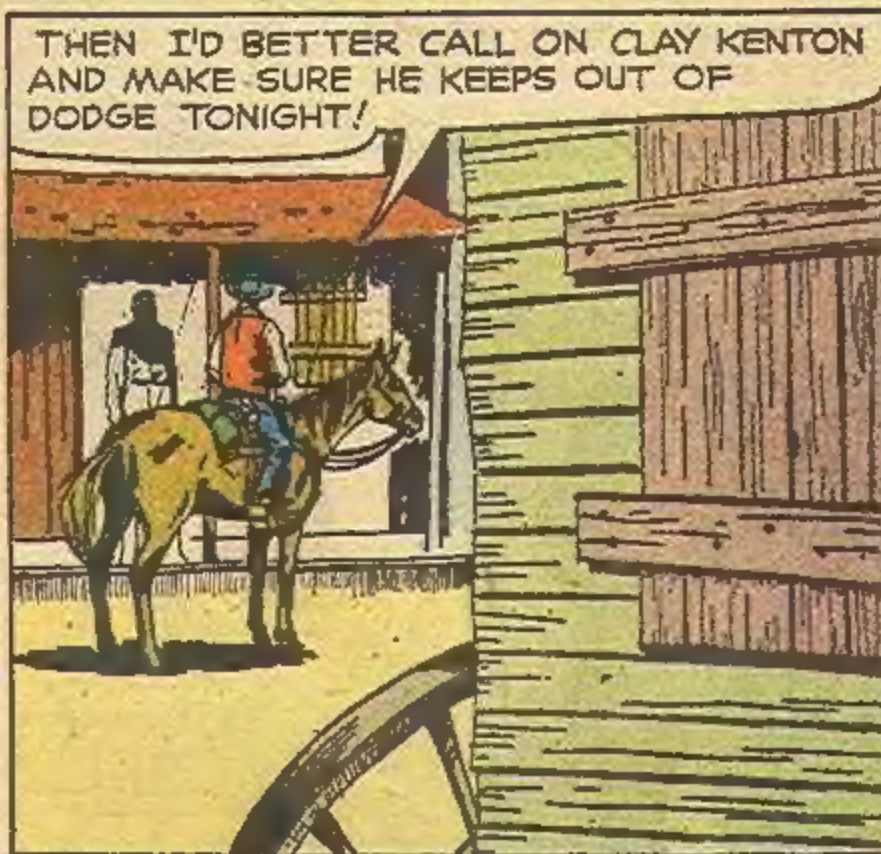
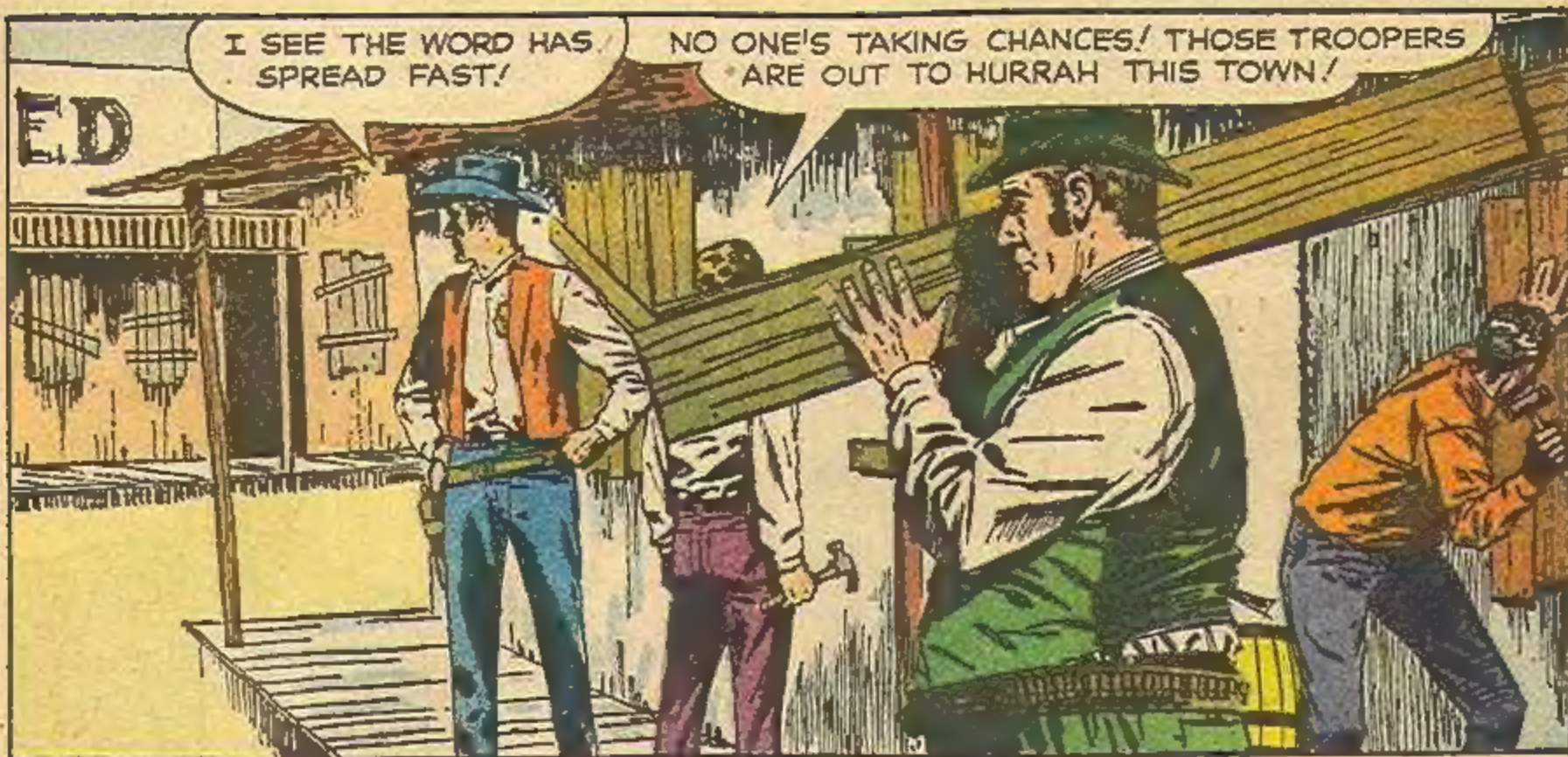
NEXT MORNING...

WHY ARE YOU BOARDING UP, CHARLIE? GOING OUT OF BUSINESS?

NOPE, MARSHAL! JUST TRYING TO STAY IN BUSINESS! WORD HAS IT THAT A WHOLE COMPANY OF TROOPERS WILL BE CALLING ON DODGE TONIGHT!











DON'T TRY STUFFING IT OUT OF SIGHT, KENTON! I SEE YOU WERE A CONFEDERATE OFFICER!

I'M FAR FROM ASHAMED OF THAT HONOR!



THAT'S WHY YOU TORE INTO THOSE TROOPERS! THEY WERE WEARING **UNION** UNIFORMS! SEEMED LIKE FIGHTING THE CIVIL WAR OVER AGAIN, DIDN'T IT?

YOU'RE PRETTY CLEVER, MARSHAL! ---YES, SEEING THOSE UNIFORMS WAS LIKE WAVING A RED CAPE IN FRONT OF A BULL!



THOSE WERE THE UNIFORMS THAT SHOT MY BROTHER, BURNED MY HOME, TOOK AWAY MY FAMILY PLANTATION---

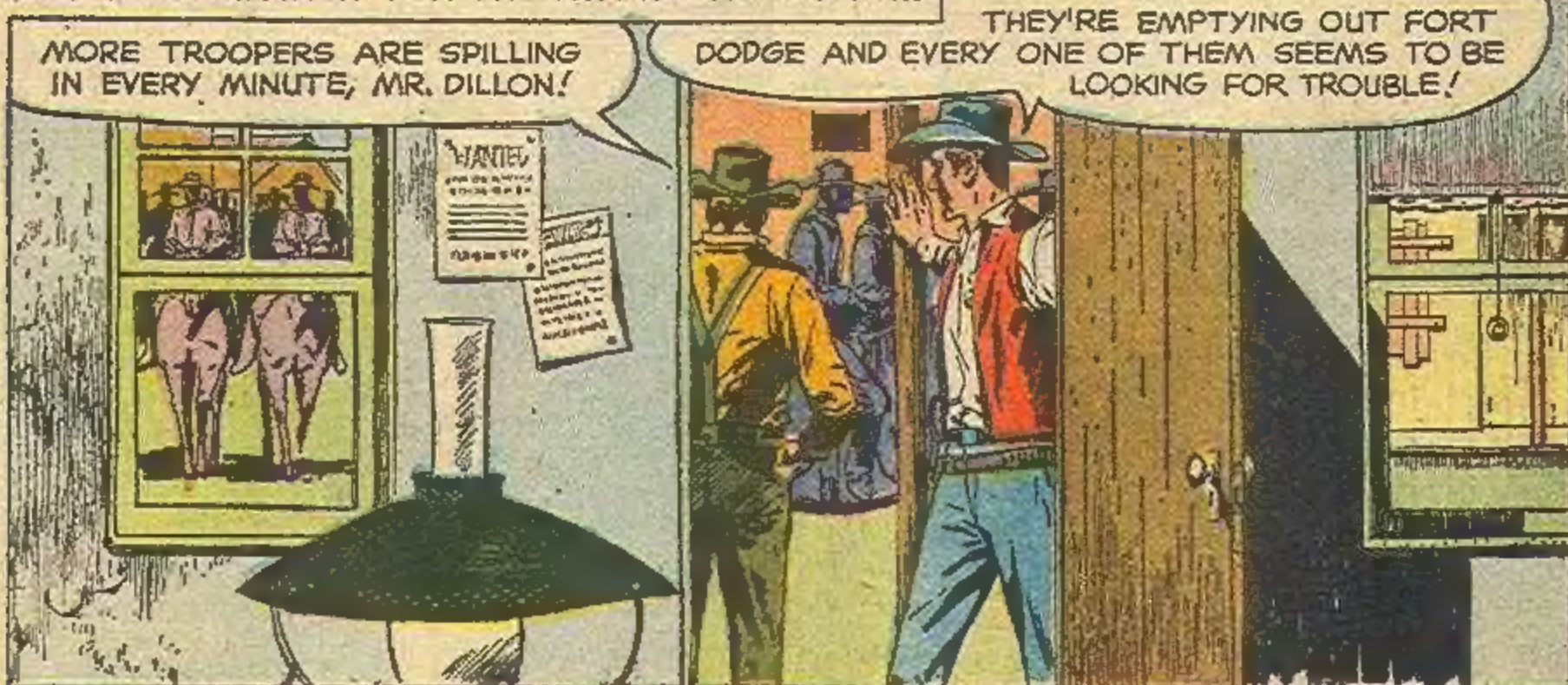
-- THE WAR'S OVER, KENTON!



NOT FOR ME, MARSHAL! IT'S STILL AFFECTING ME! I HAVE NO PLACE TO LIVE BUT AMID CHARRED RUINS! I WAS A PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER! DO YOU THINK I COULD DON A YANKEE UNIFORM?

ARGUING WON'T CHANGE YOUR FEELINGS! JUST TAKE MY ADVICE --- TONIGHT, STAY HERE!

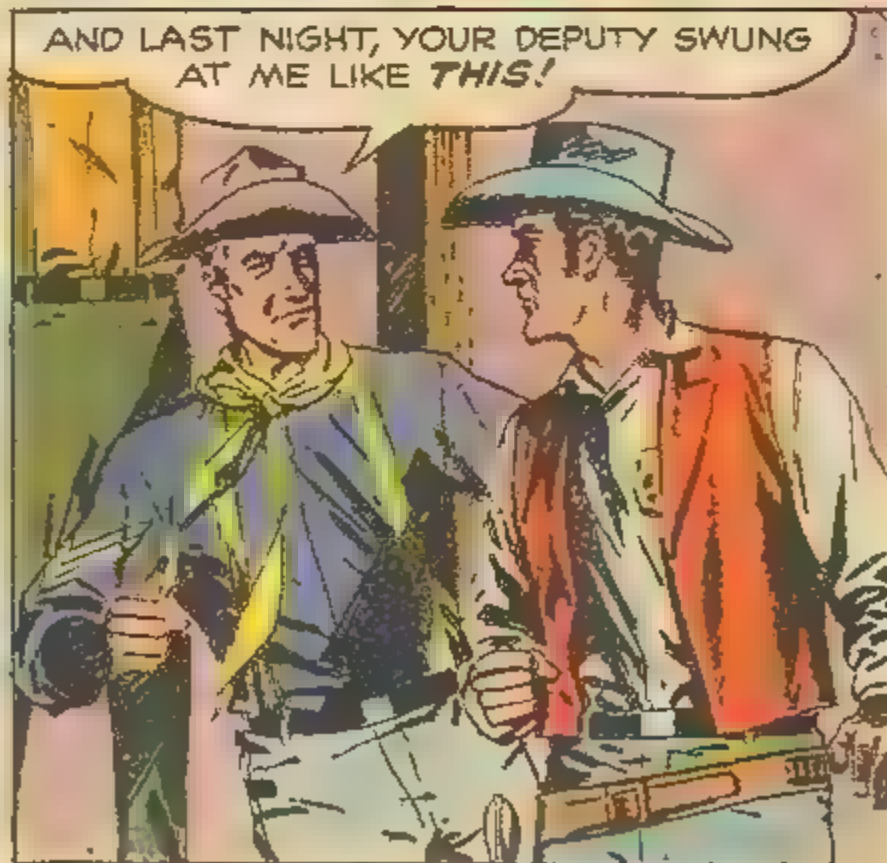
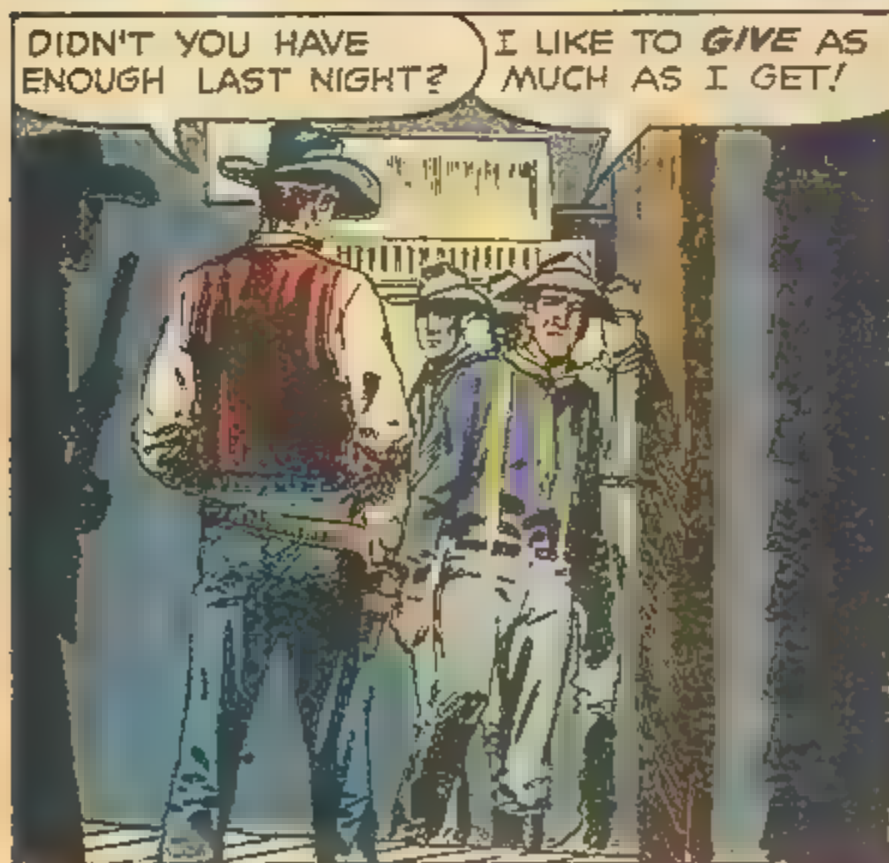
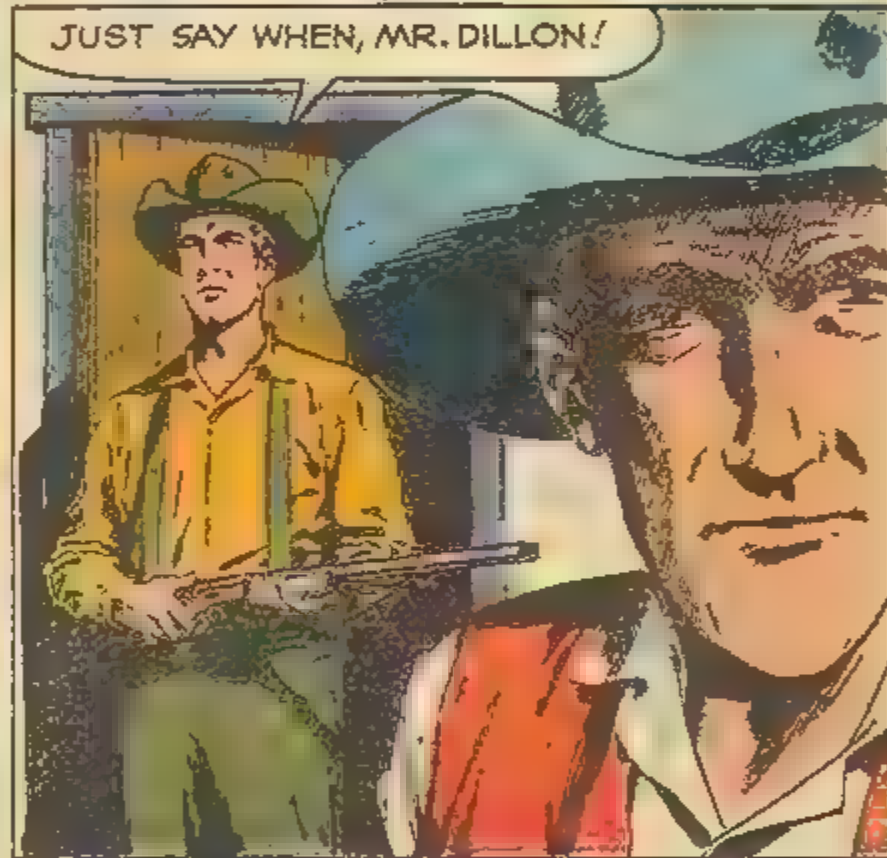
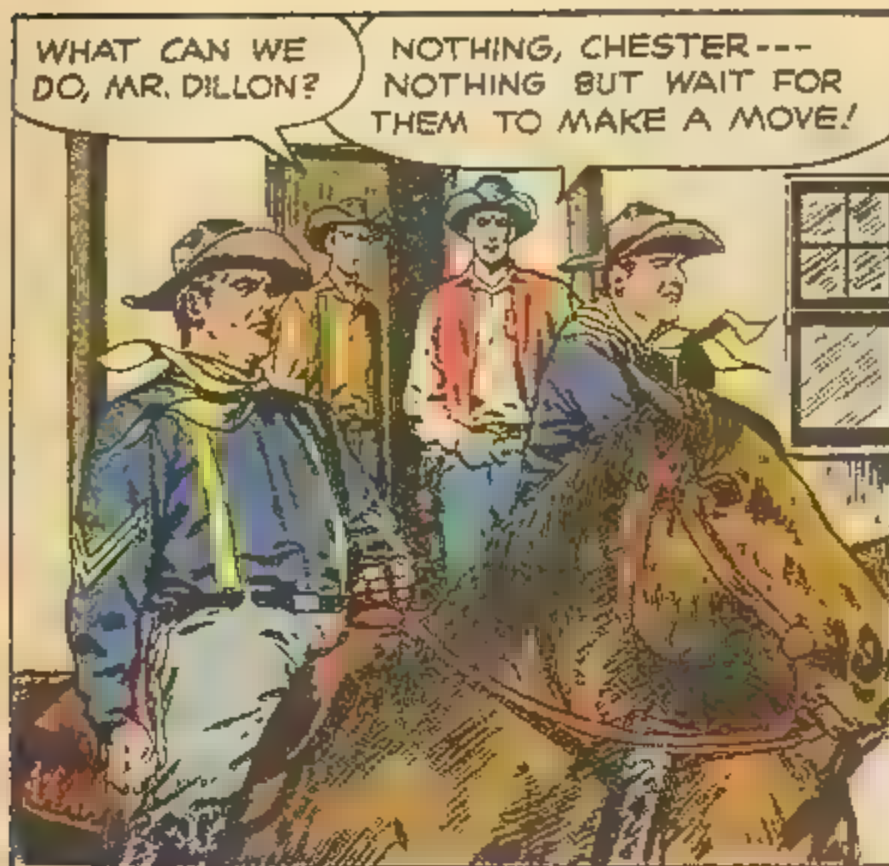
THAT EVENING, FROM BEHIND SHUTTERED OR BOARDED WINDOWS, EYES WATCH HALF IN FEAR, HALF IN FASCINATION FOR THE COMING SHOWDOWN...



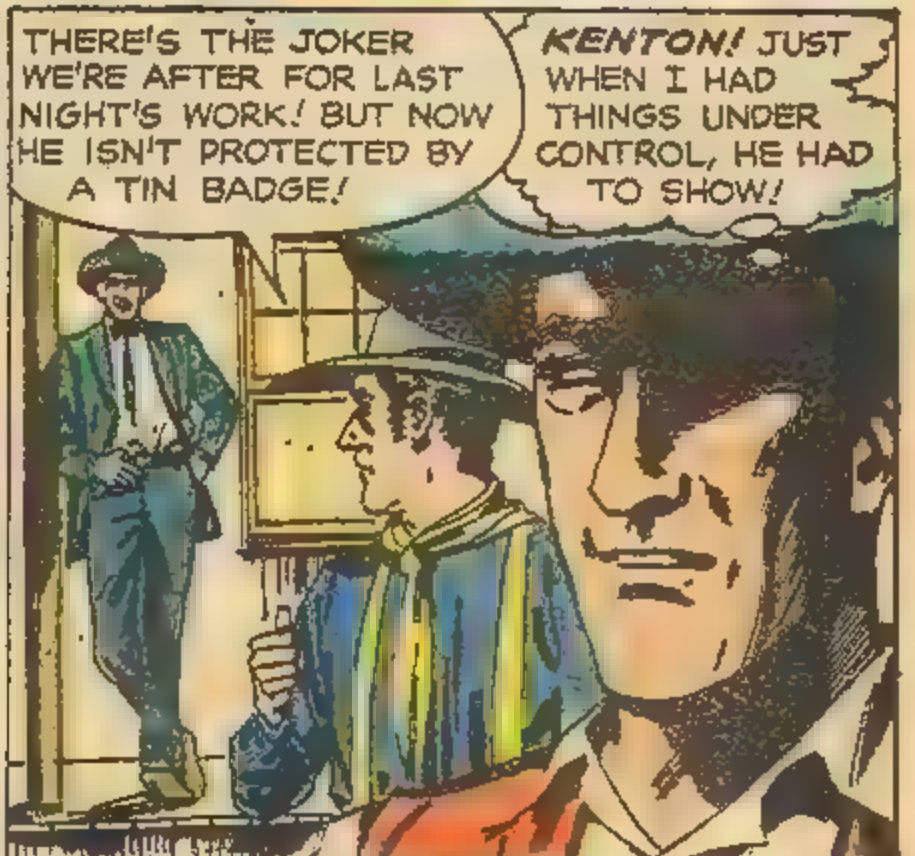
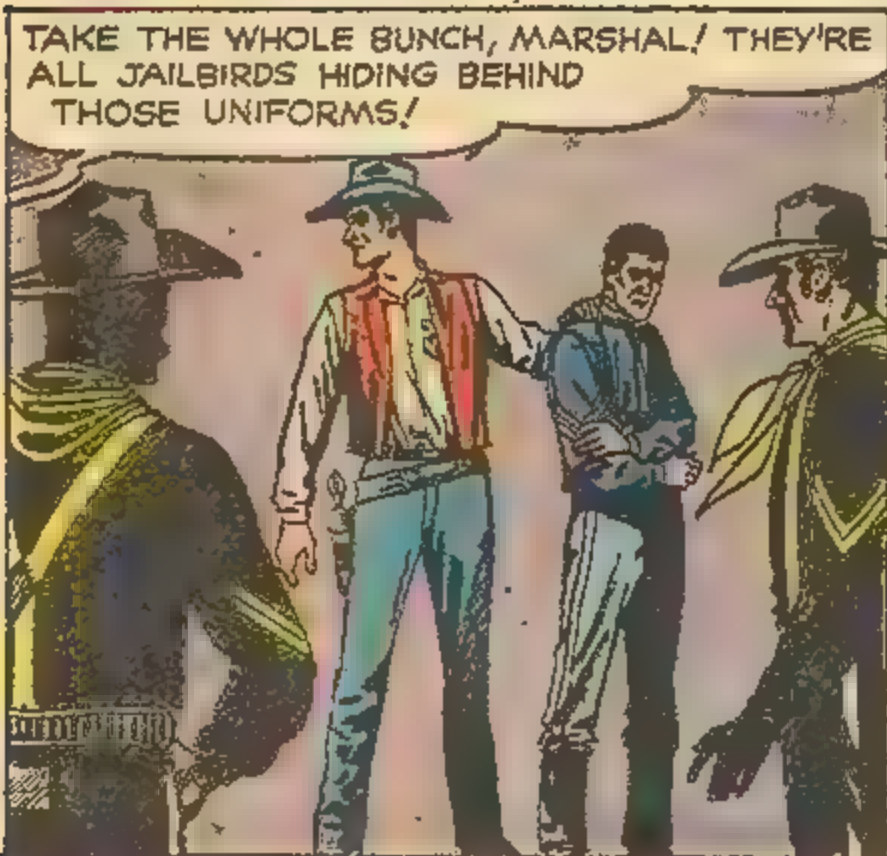
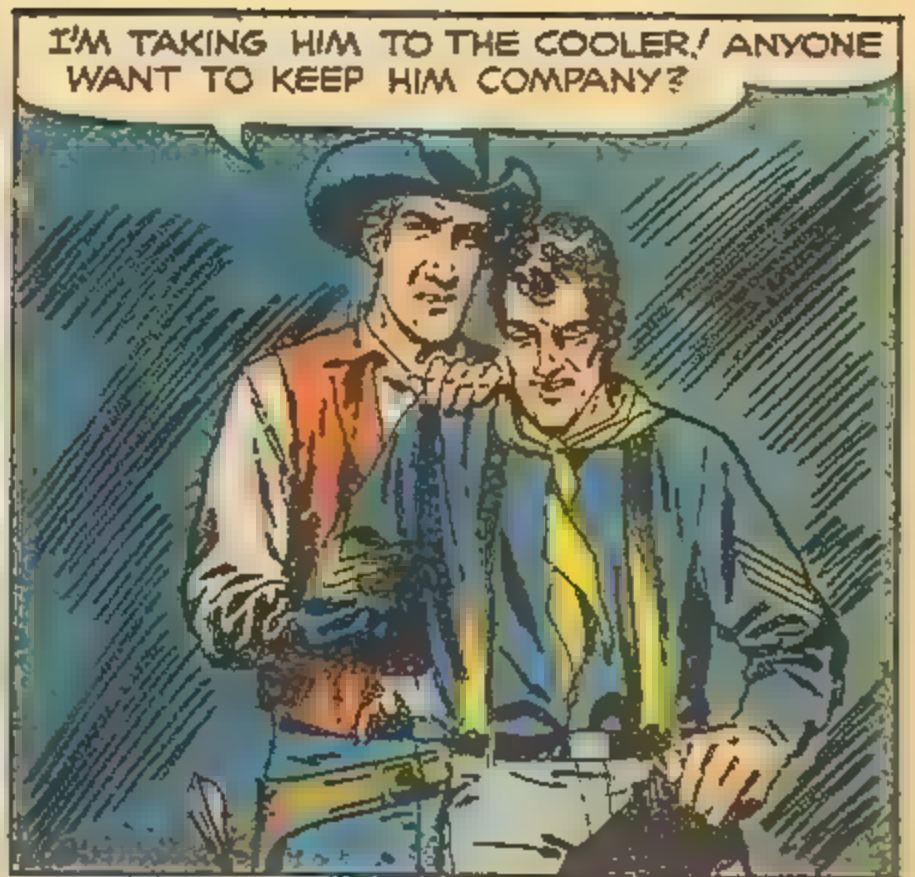
MORE TROOPERS ARE SPILLING IN EVERY MINUTE, MR. DILLON!

THEY'RE EMPTYING OUT FORT DODGE AND EVERY ONE OF THEM SEEMS TO BE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE!



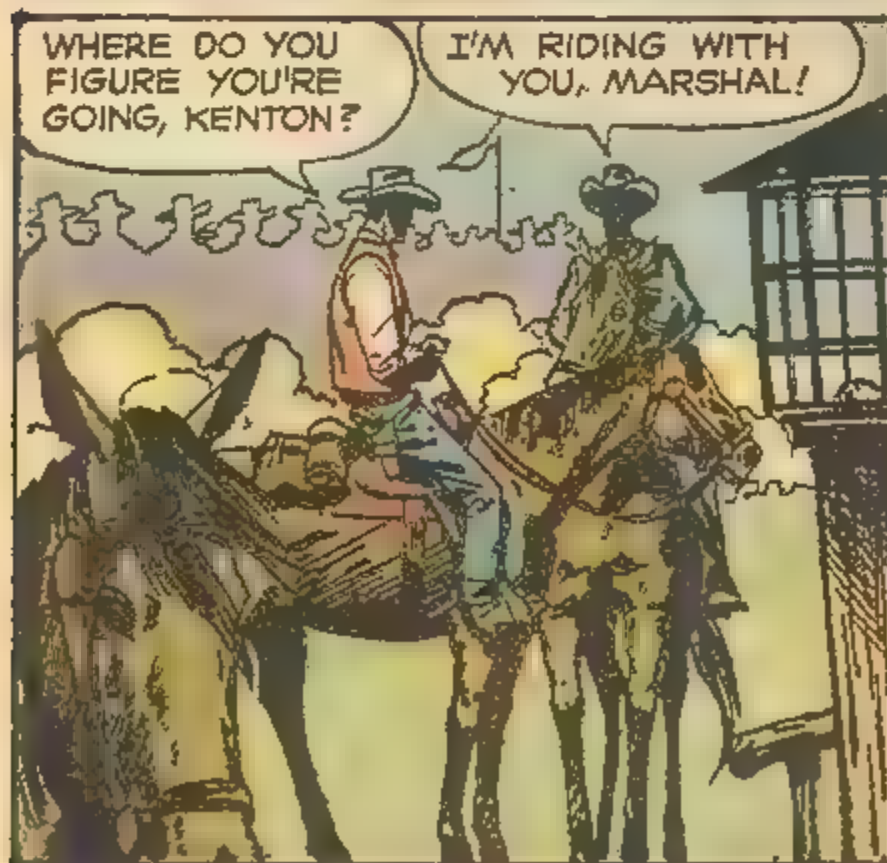
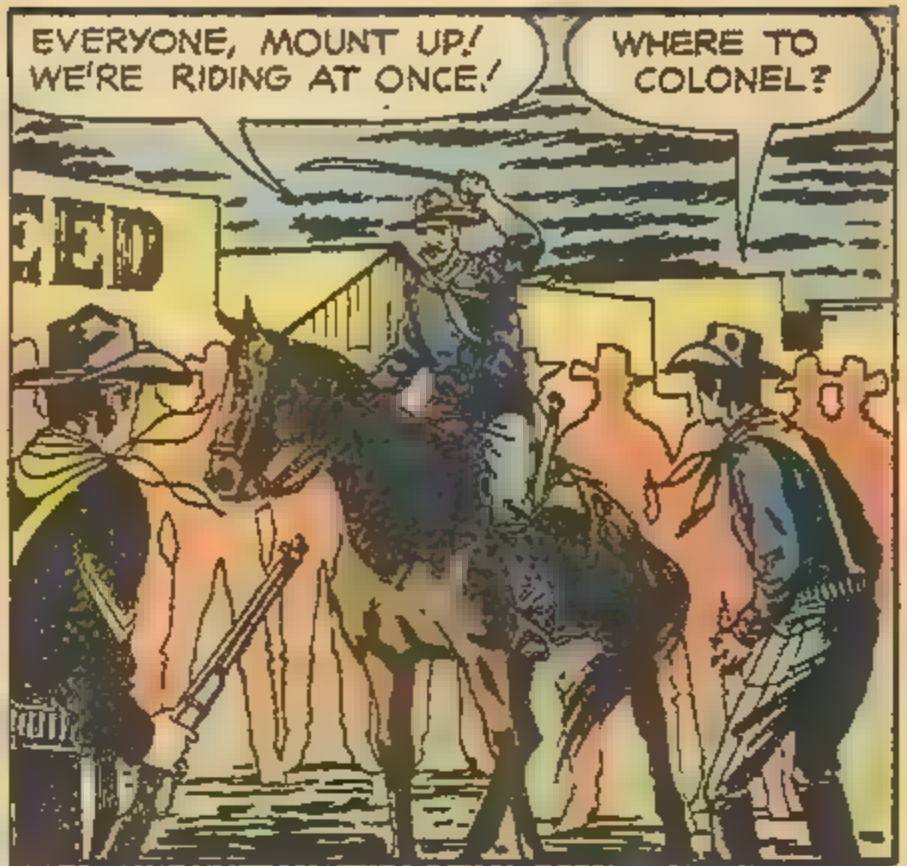
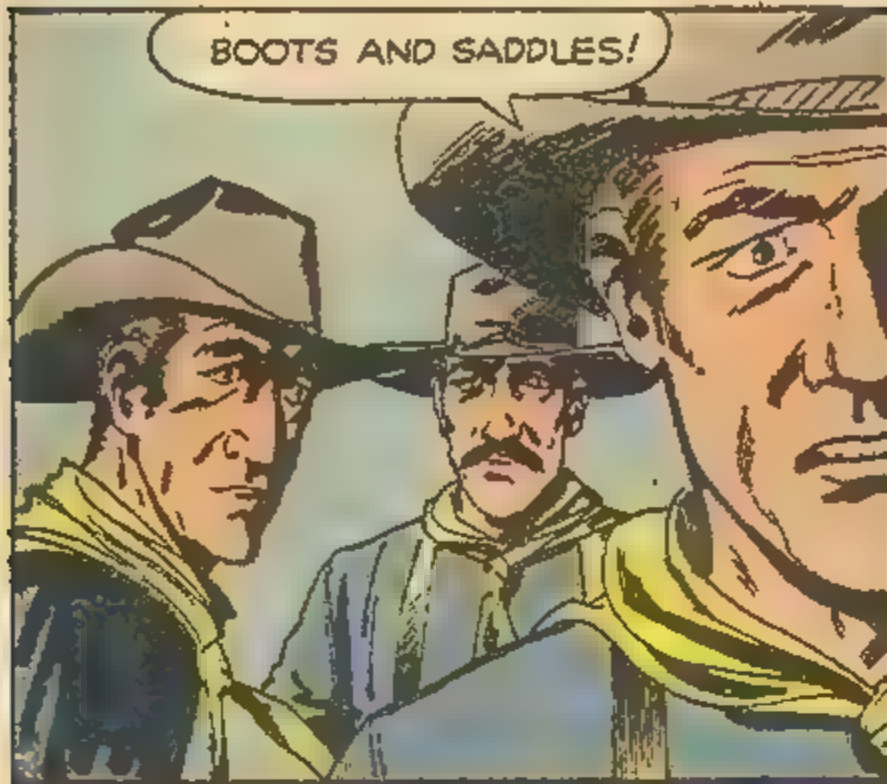








SUDDENLY, ABOVE THE YELLS AND SHOUTED THREATS A BUGLE SOUNDS...

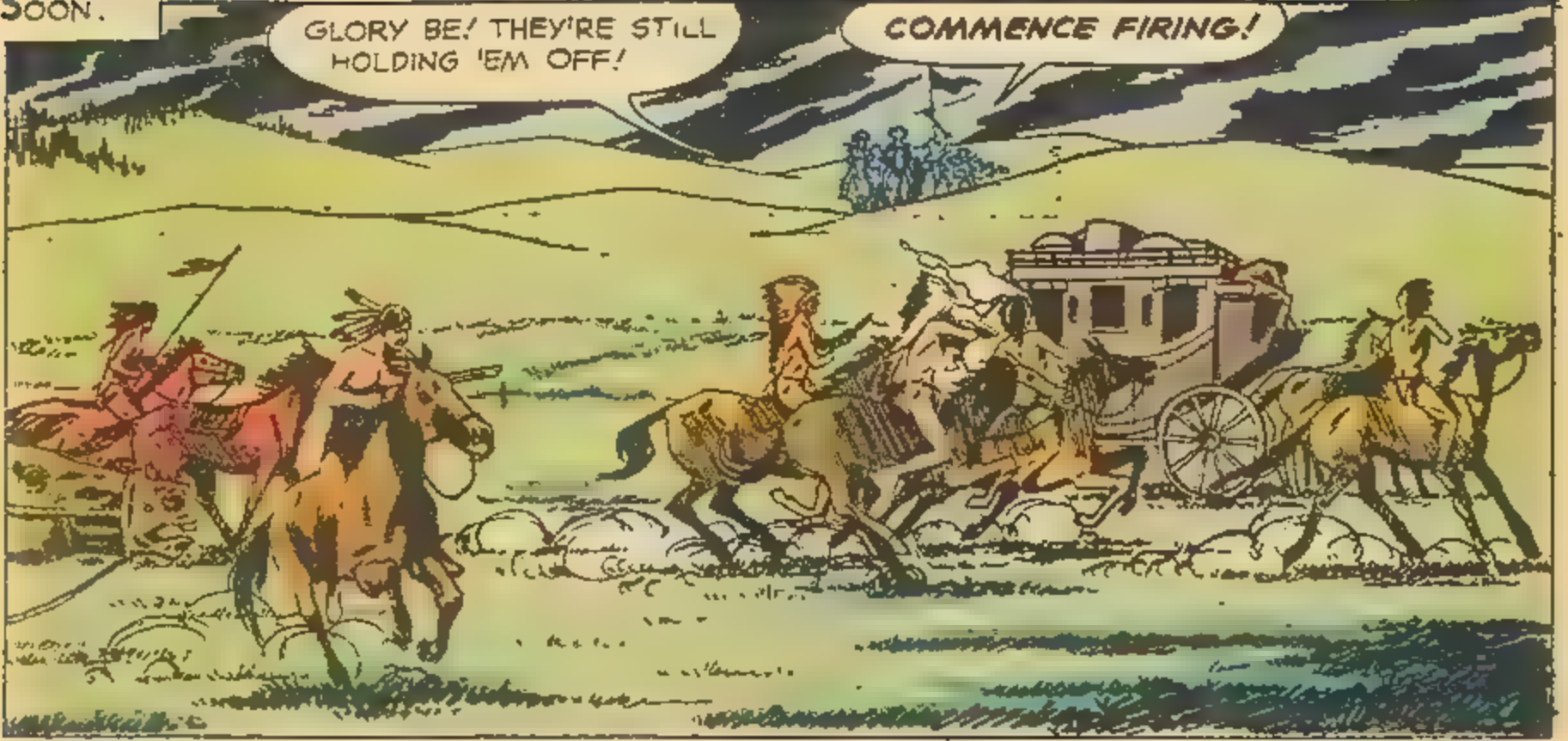




SOON.

GLORY BE! THEY'RE STILL  
HOLDING 'EM OFF!

COMMENCE FIRING!



KENTON THE TROOPERS  
CAN HANDLE THIS...

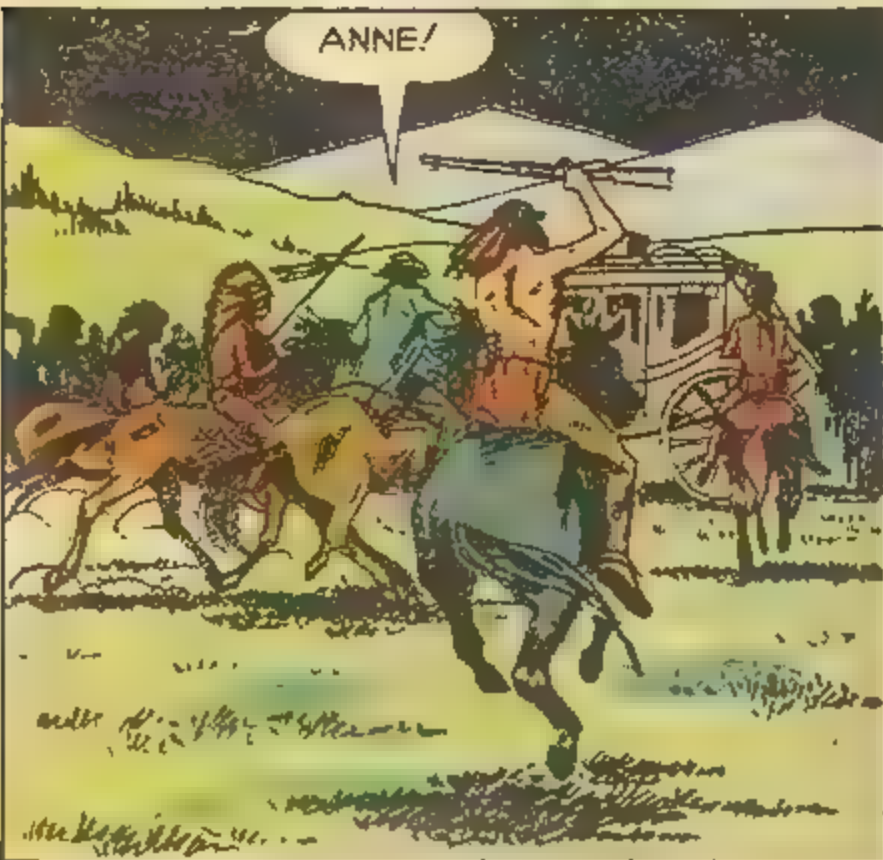
...I'VE GOT TO  
SEE IF ANNE'S  
ALL RIGHT!



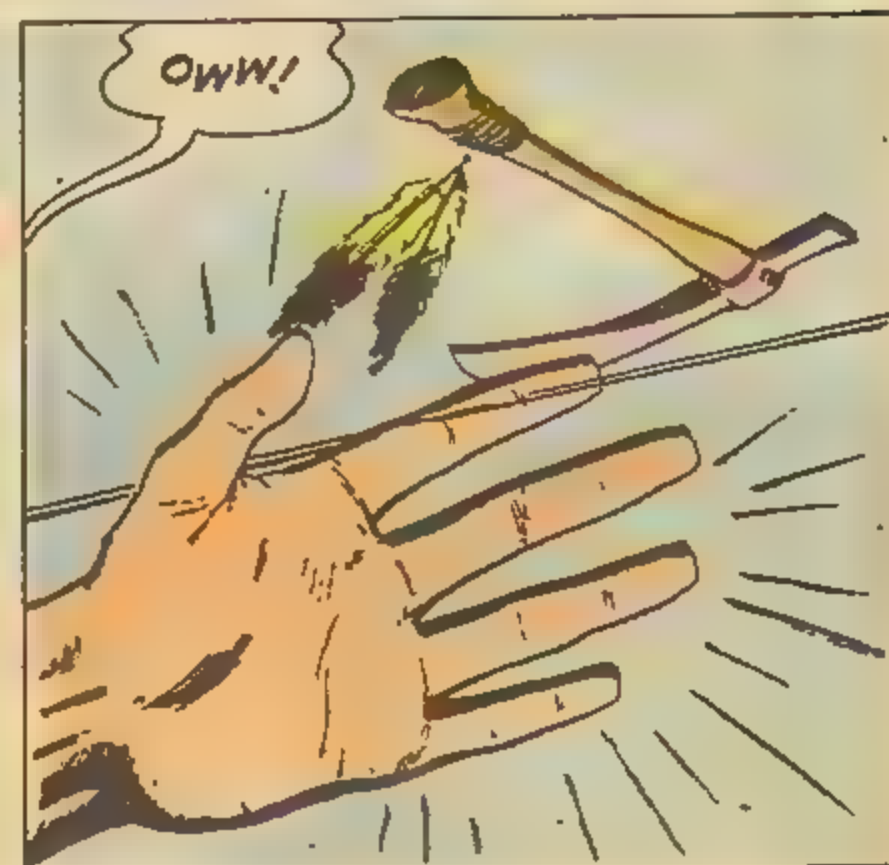
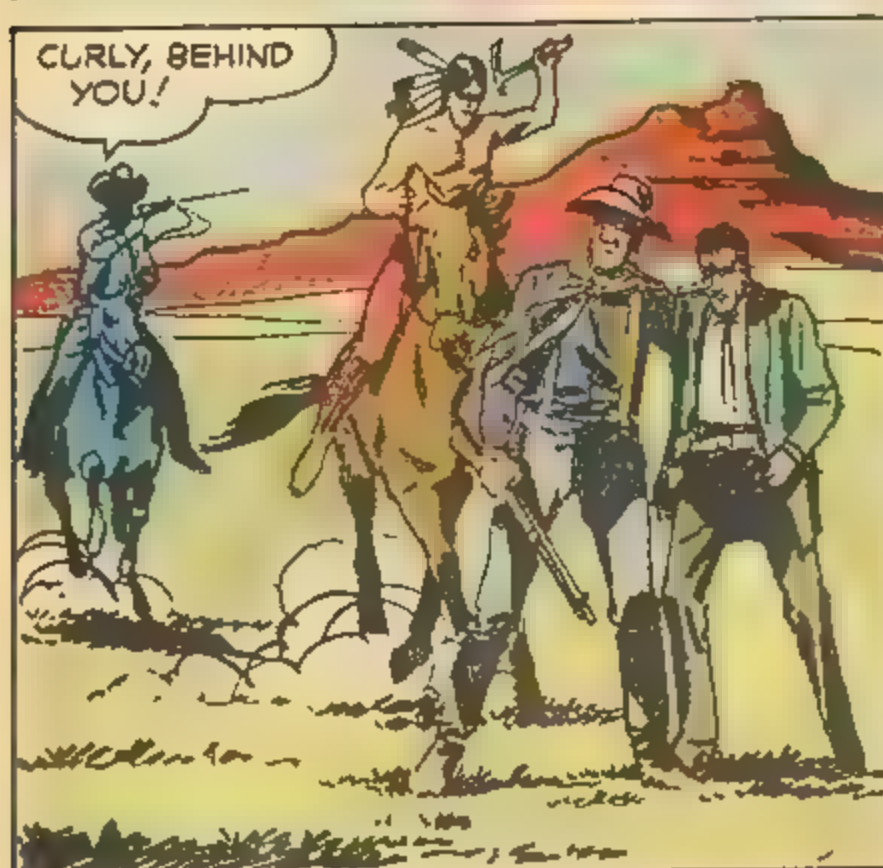
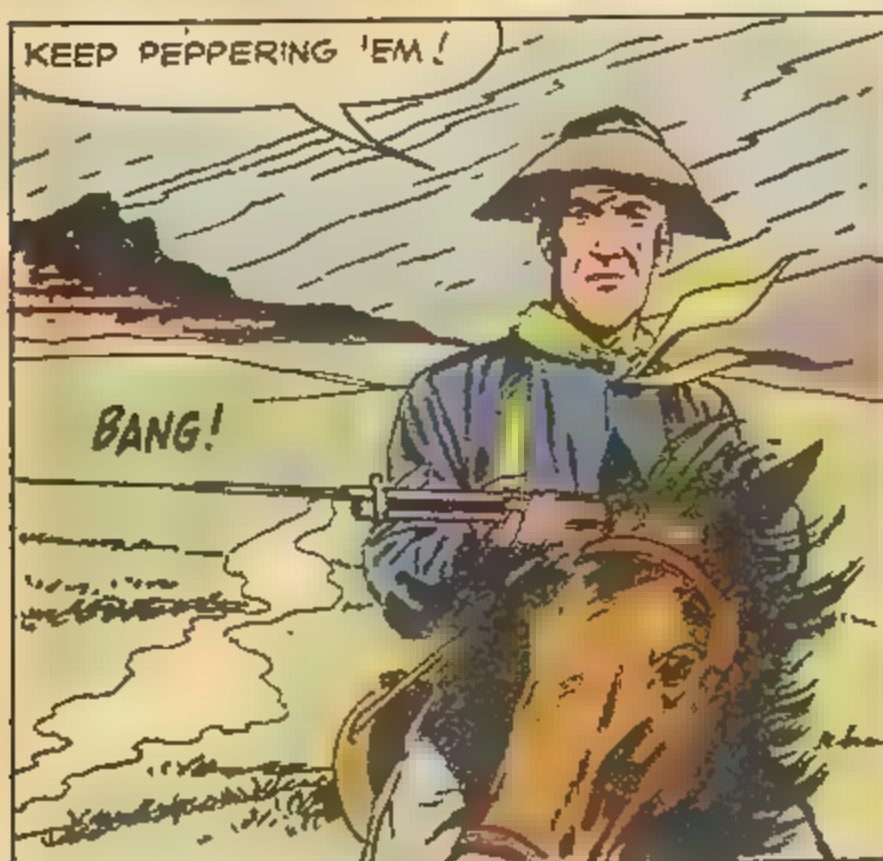
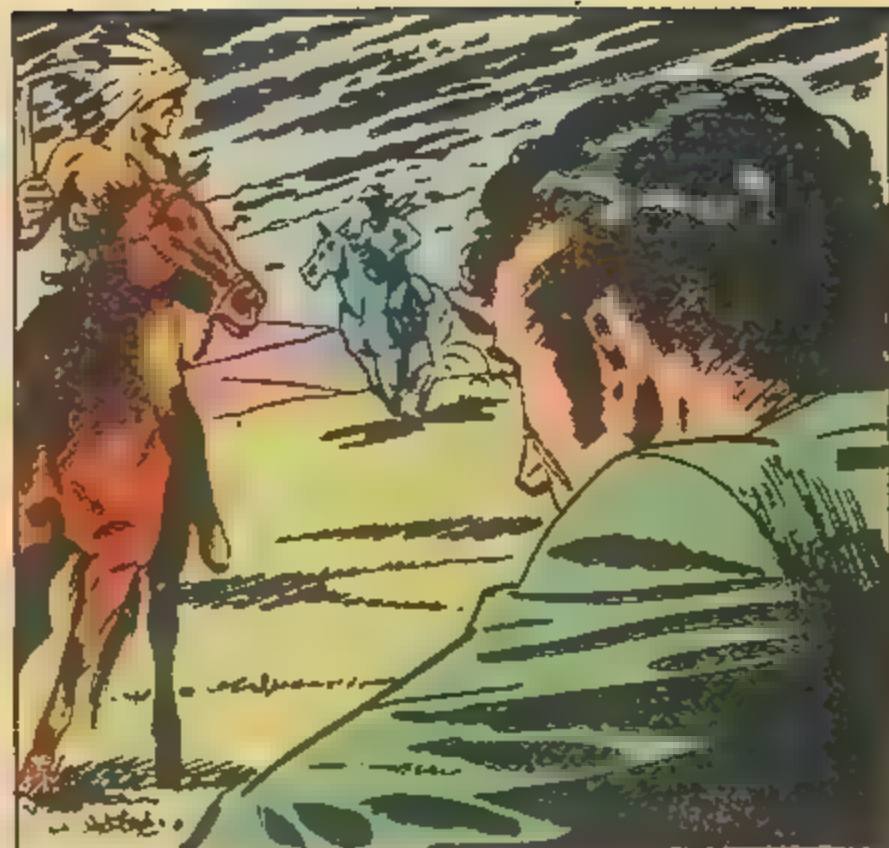
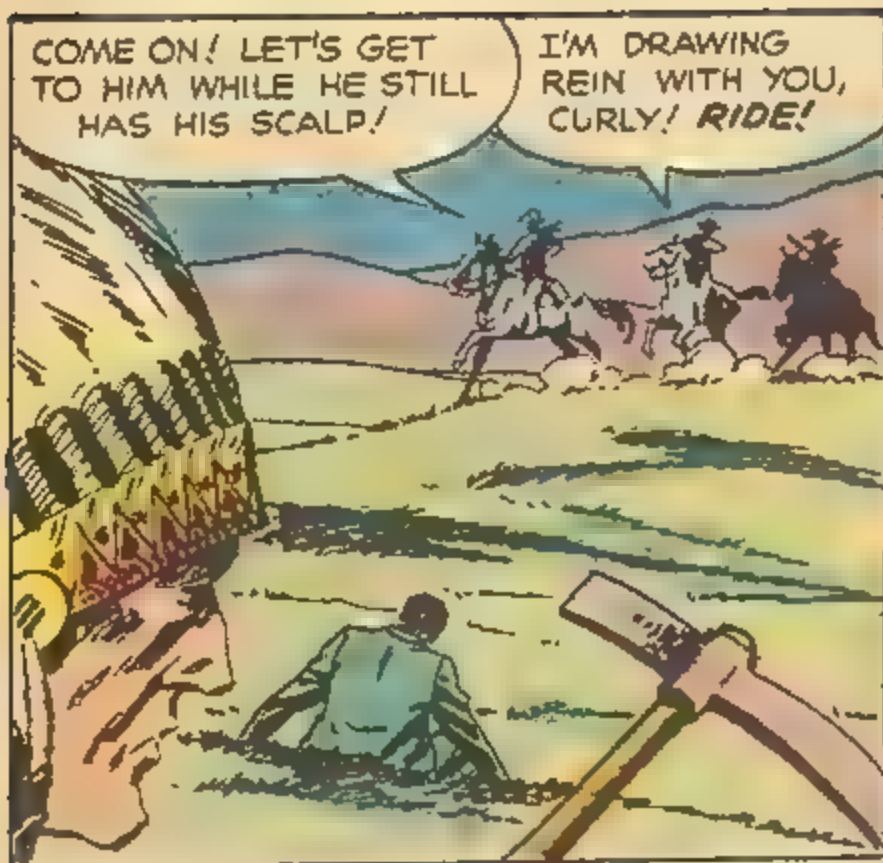
STAY BACK...



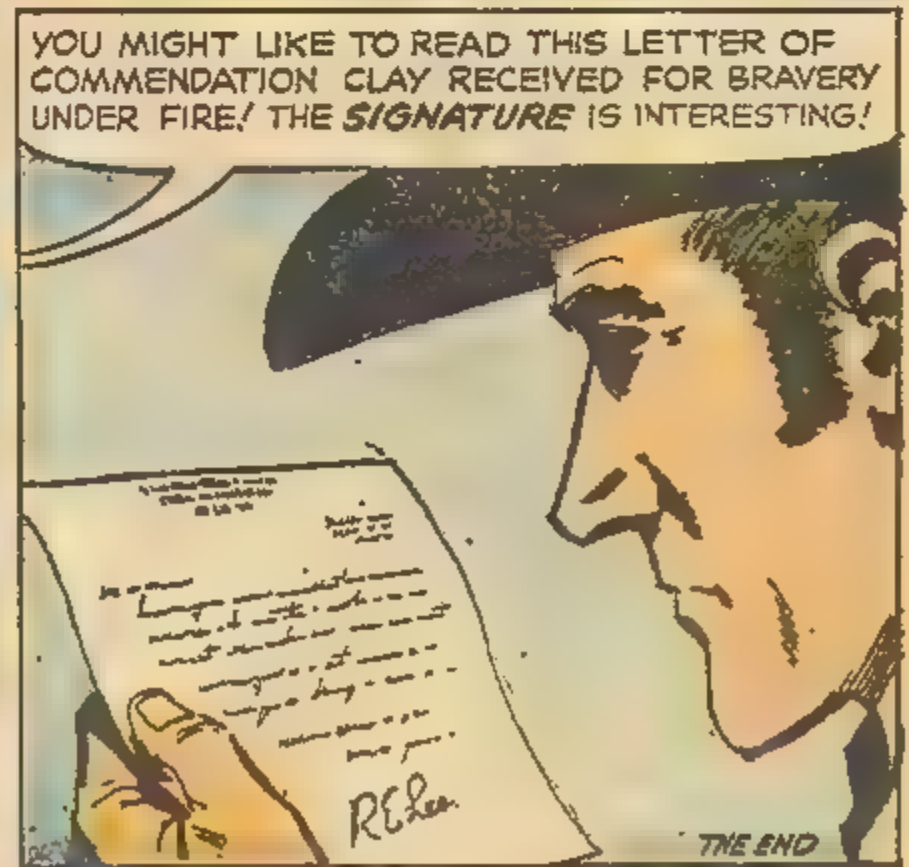
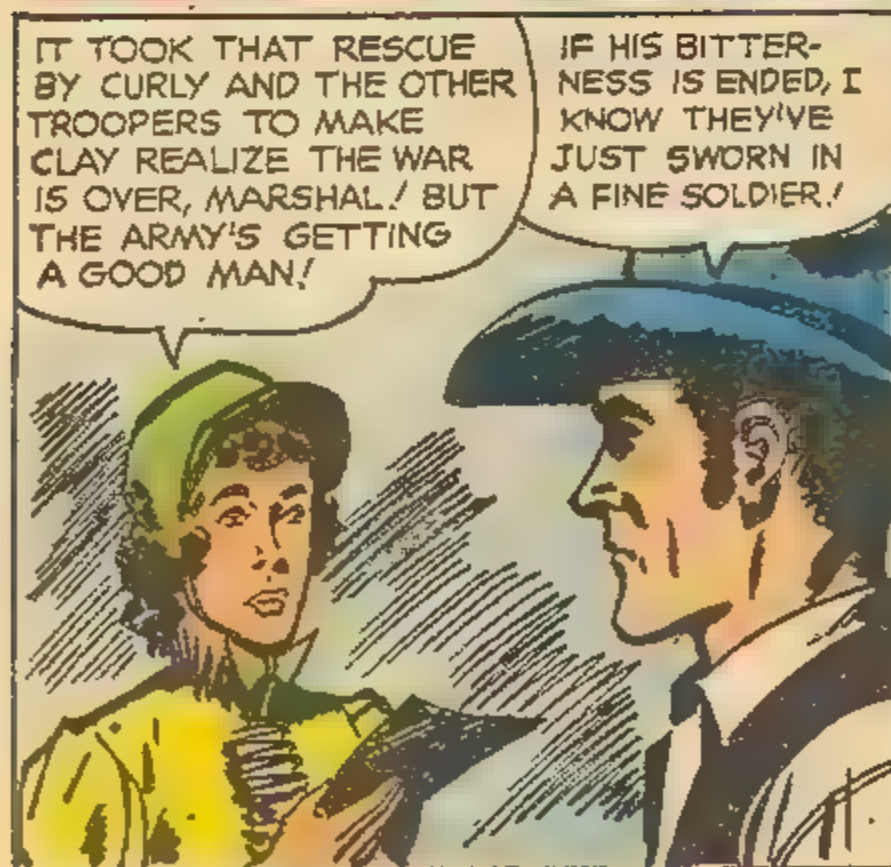
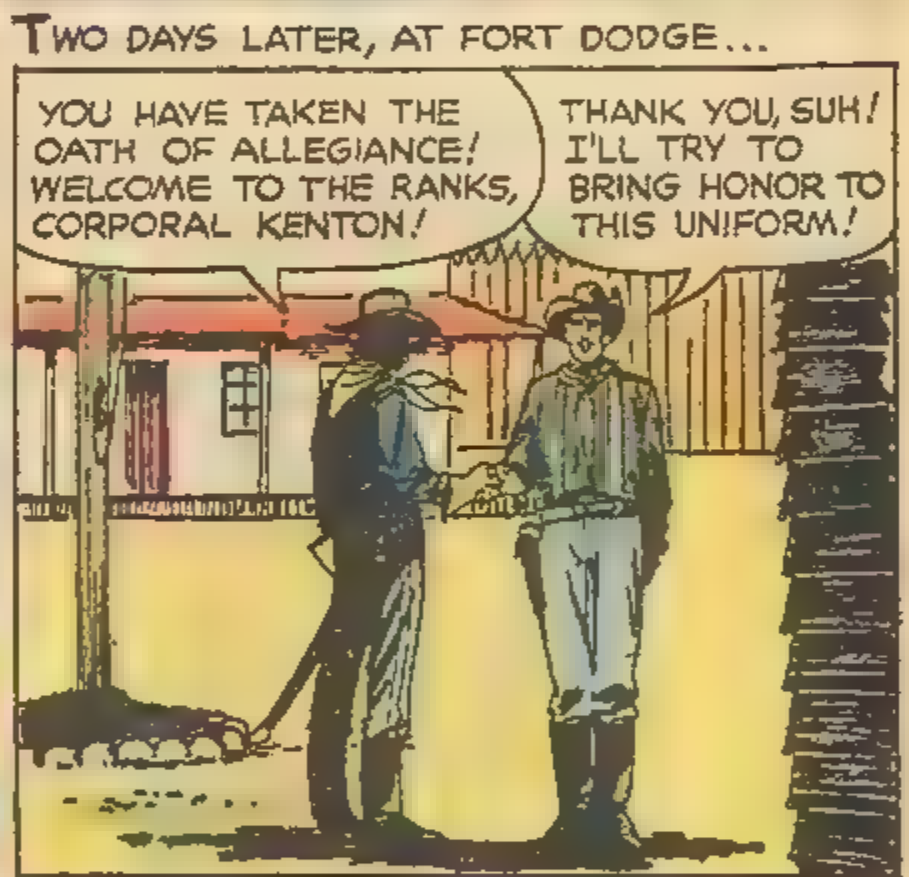
ANNE!













# DODGE CITY DAYS

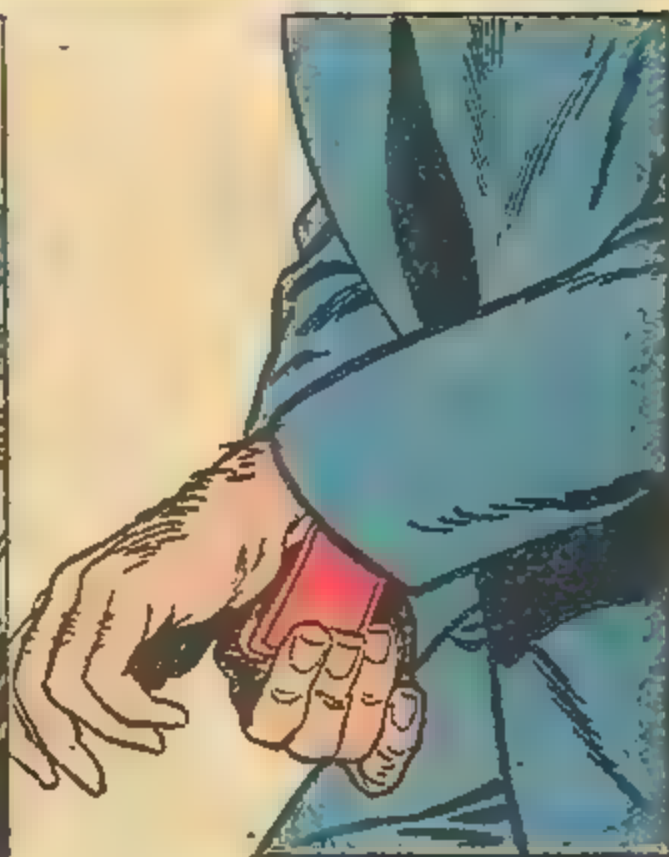
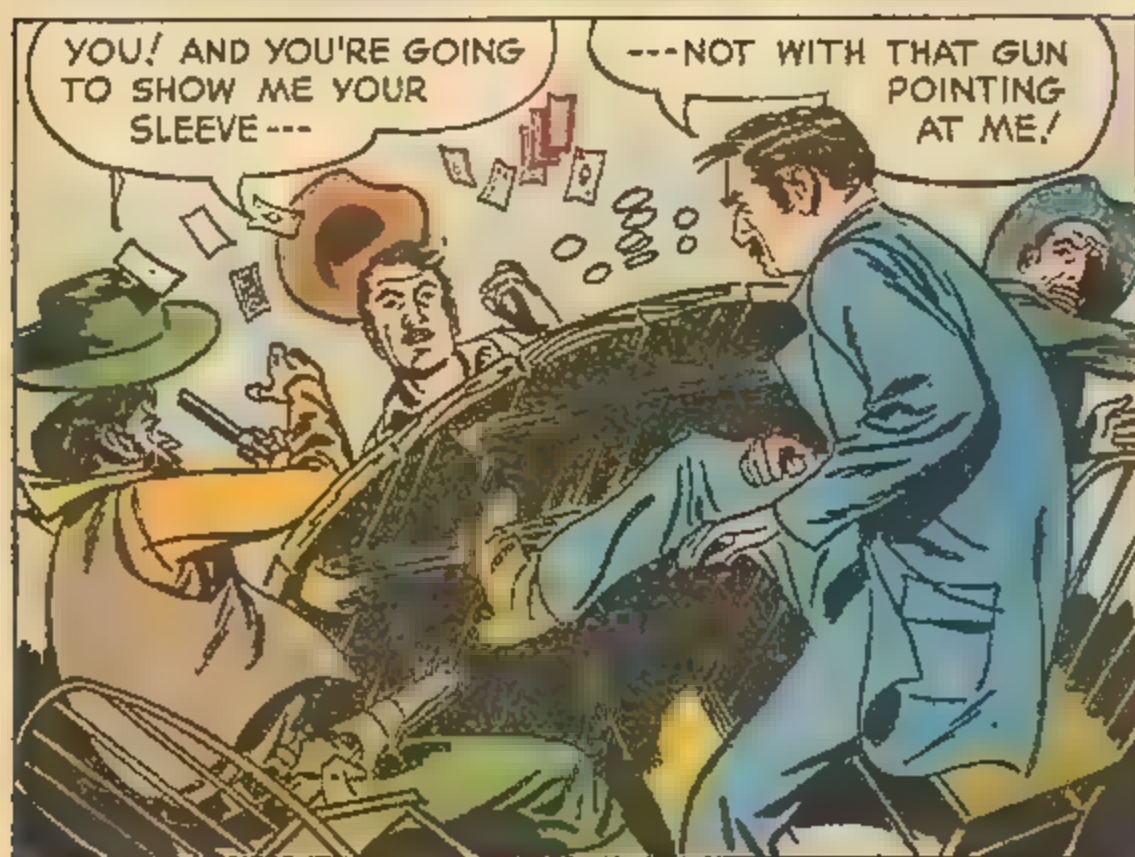
## "EAT 'EM UP" JAKE

TO THE GAMING TABLES OF DODGE CITY CAME MANY TINHORNs, BUT NONE EVER WALKED AWAY FROM A CARD TABLE WITH A MORE UNUSUAL HAND THAN "EAT 'EM UP" JAKE...

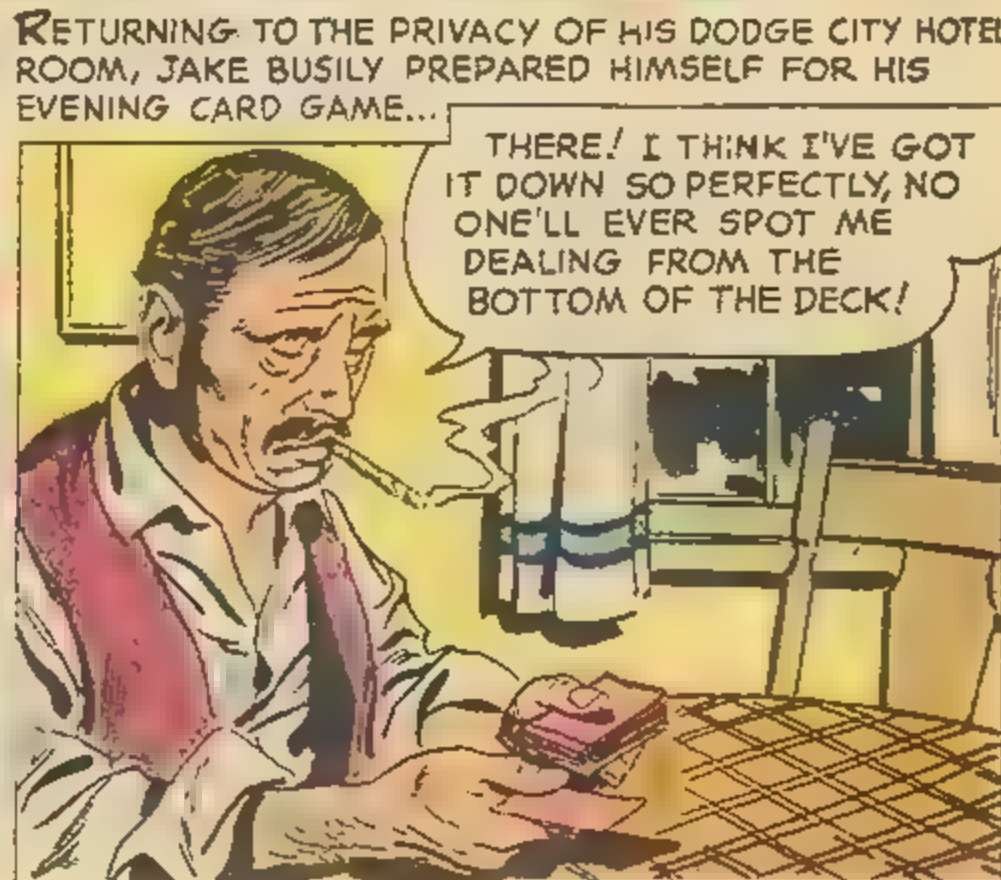
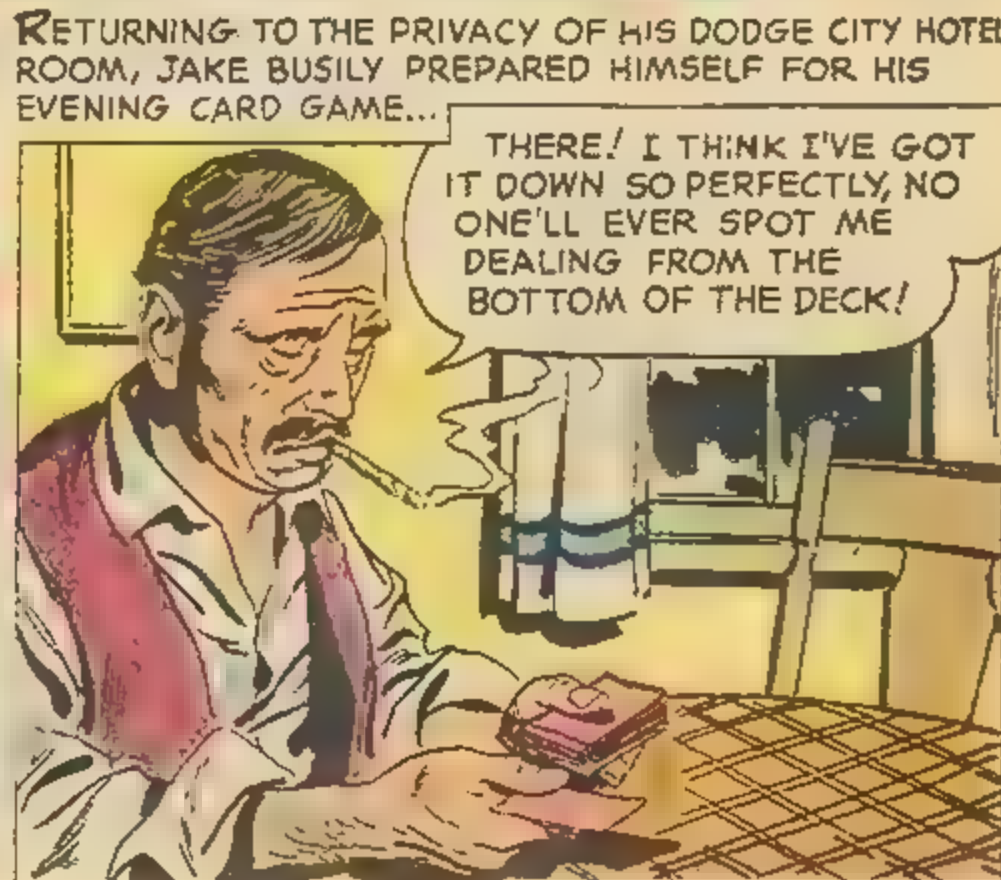
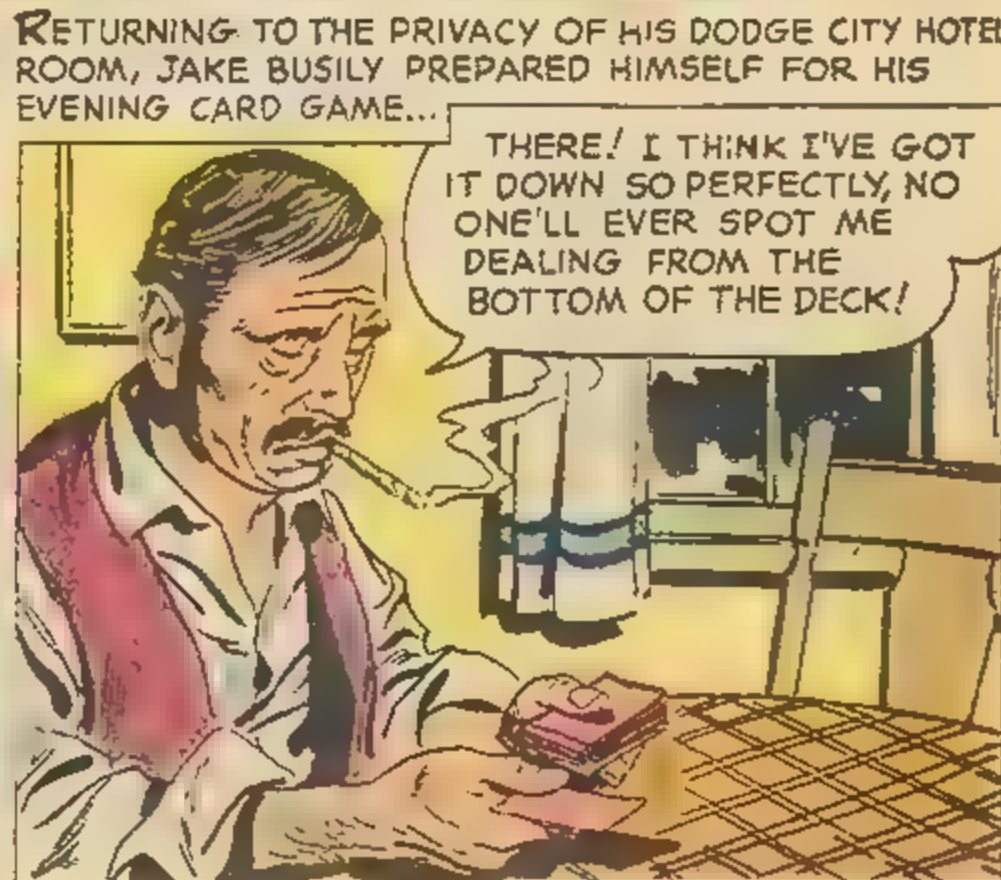
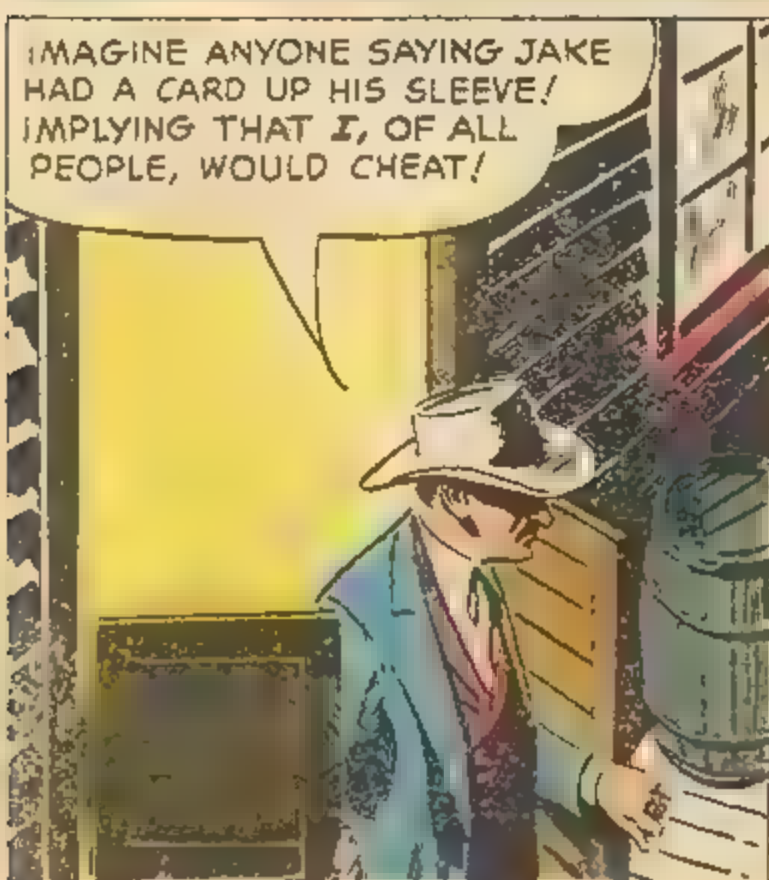
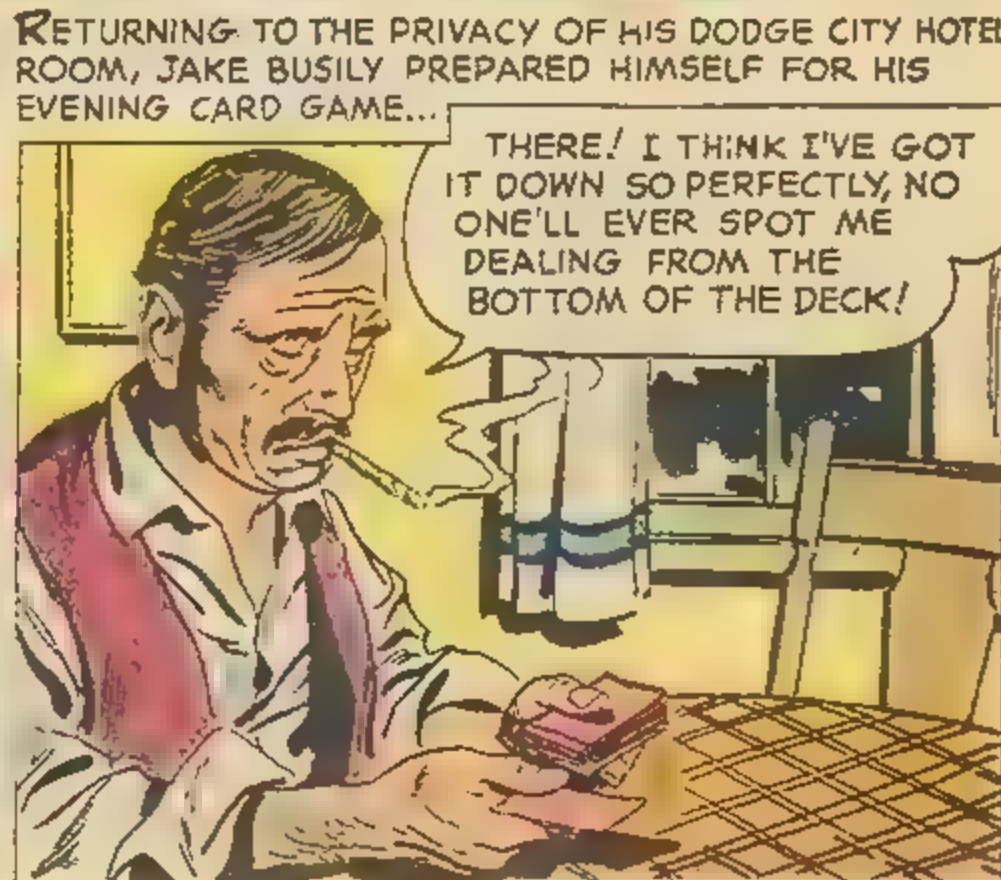
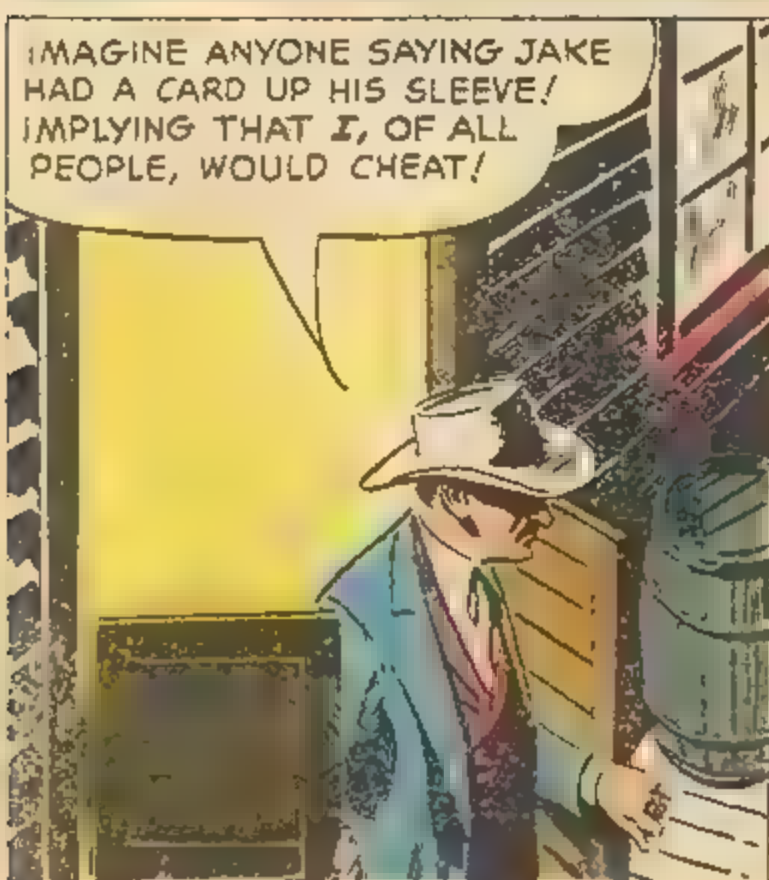
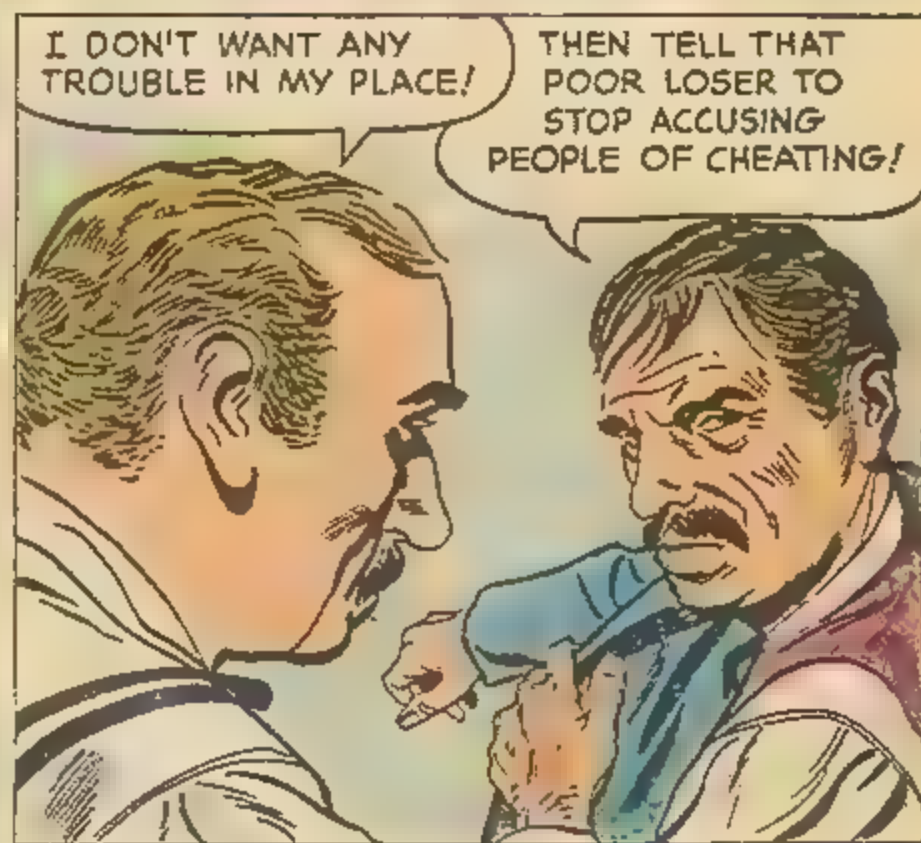
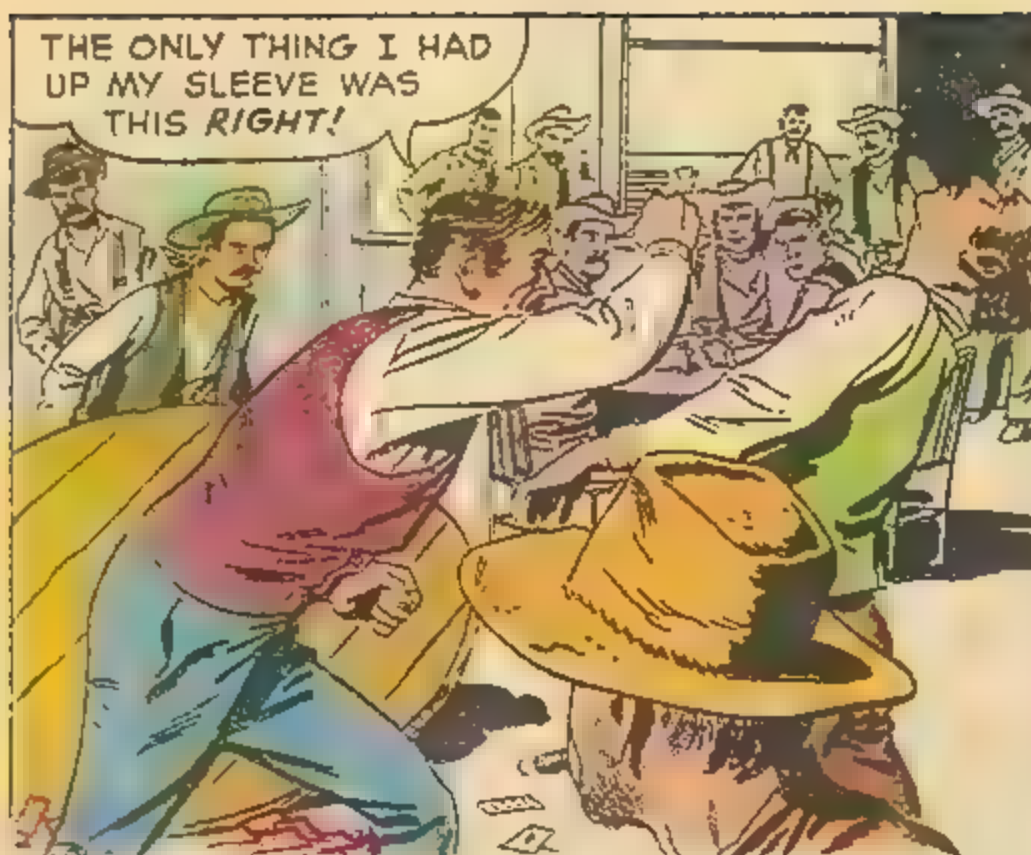
COPYRIGHT 1959, BY WESTERN PRINTING & LITHO CO.

KEEP YOUR HANDS HIGH, MISTER! YOU'VE GOT A CARD UP YOUR SLEEVE!

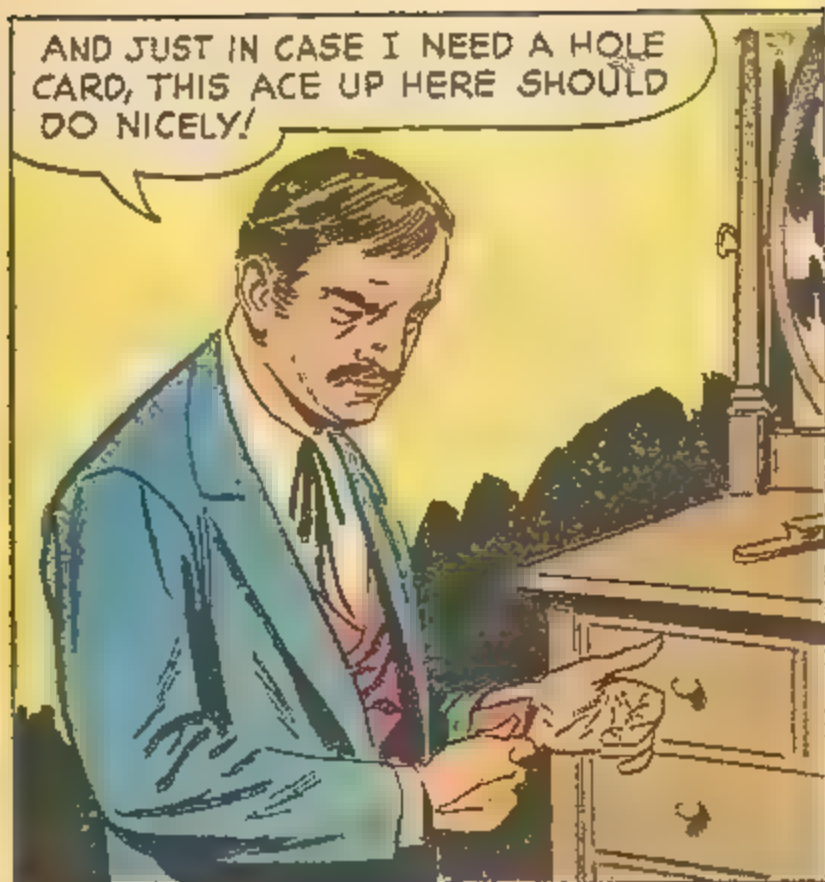
WHO ARE YOU ACCUSING OF CHEATING?











AND JUST IN CASE I NEED A HOLE CARD, THIS ACE UP HERE SHOULD DO NICELY!

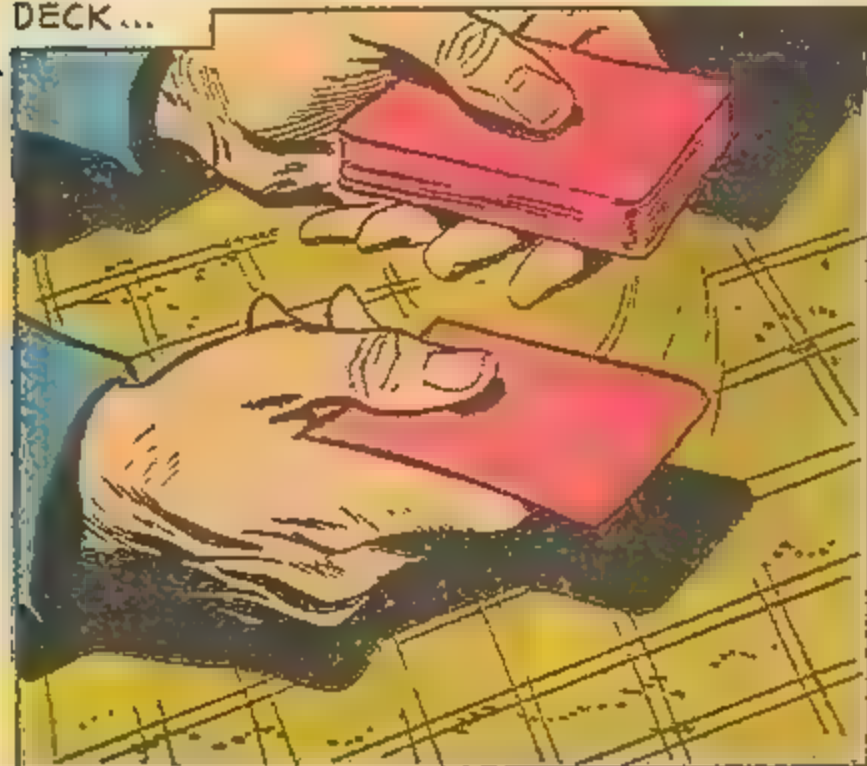
SETTLING BACK AT A POKER TABLE ON FRONT STREET, JAKE WAS STARTING HIS GAME, WHEN SUDDENLY...



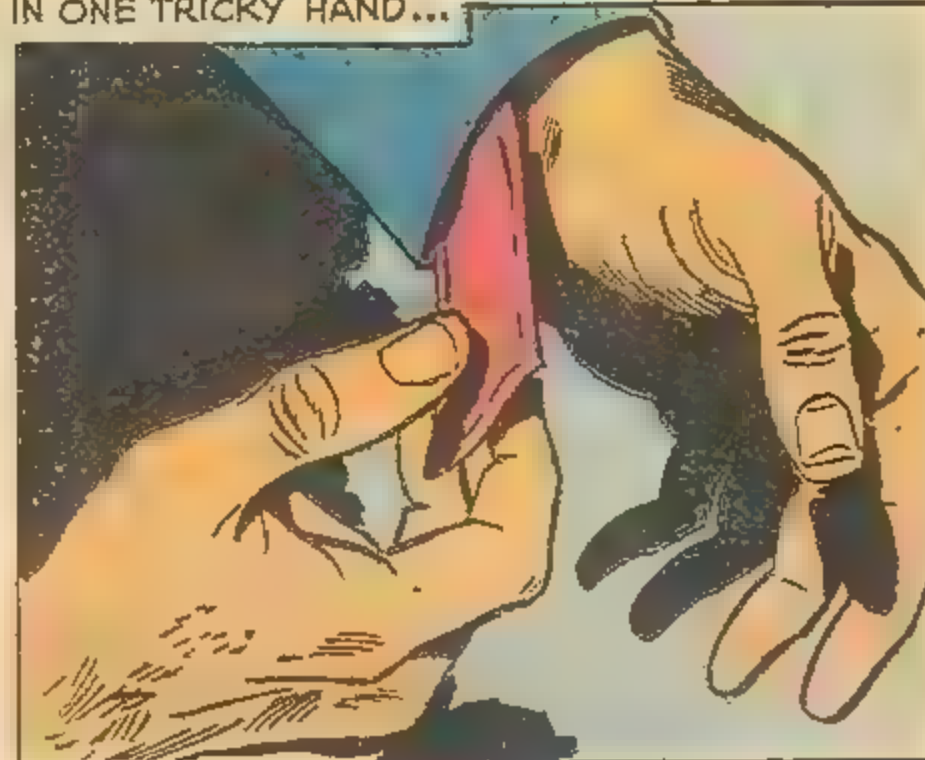
YOU AGAIN!

YES! A MAN HAS THE RIGHT TO TRY TO WIN BACK HIS LOSING! CUT ME IN ON THE DEAL!

AND BEING FAIR MINDED, JAKE CUT THE GENT IN ON THE DEAL---FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE DECK...



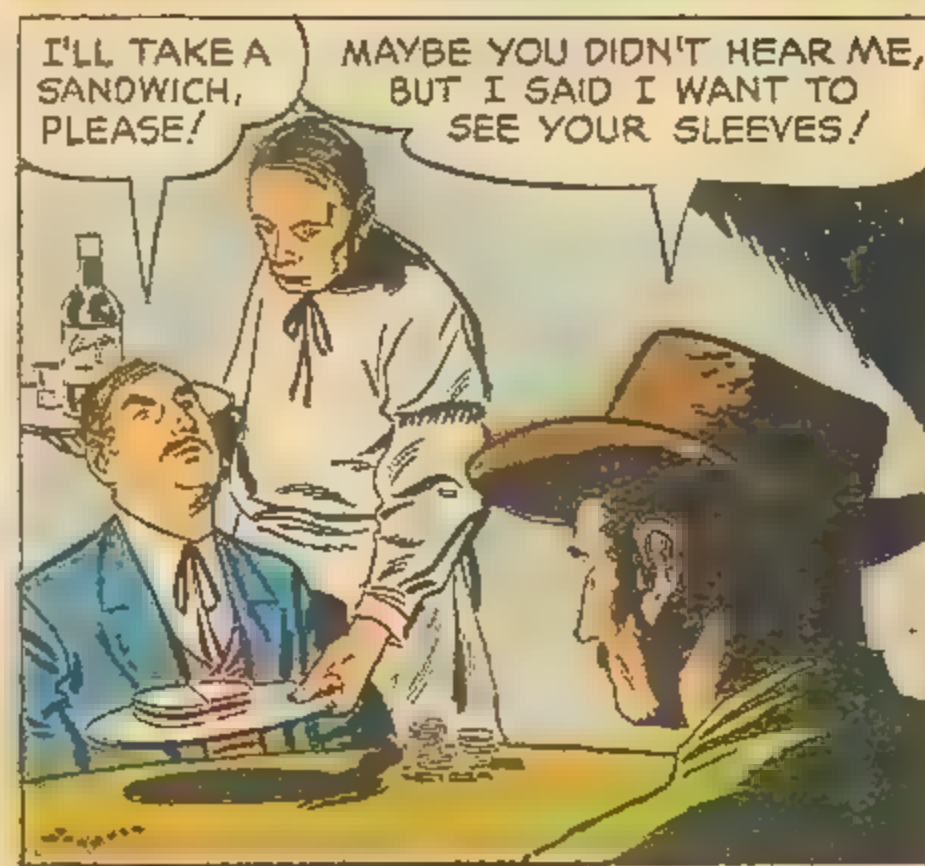
THE WINNINGS BEGAN TO PILE UP IN FRONT OF JAKE, BUT HE COULDN'T RESIST USING HIS ACE IN ONE TRICKY HAND...



WHEN IT SERVED ITS PURPOSE, THE ACE WAS PUT BACK FOR THE NEXT EMERGENCY...



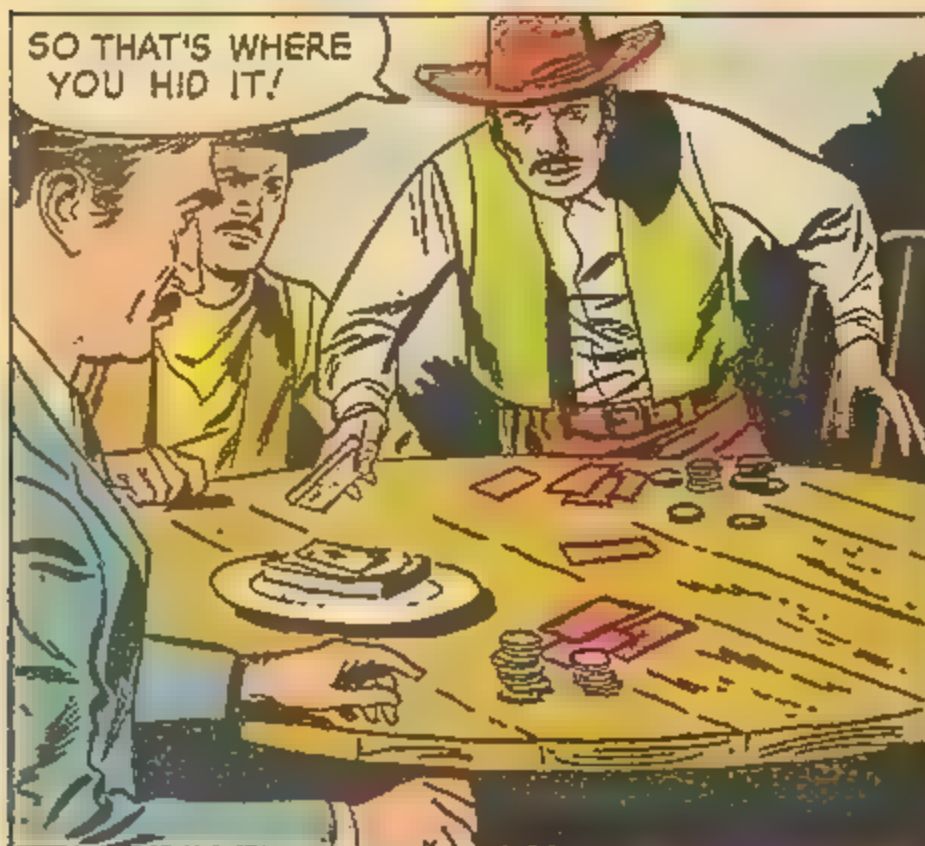
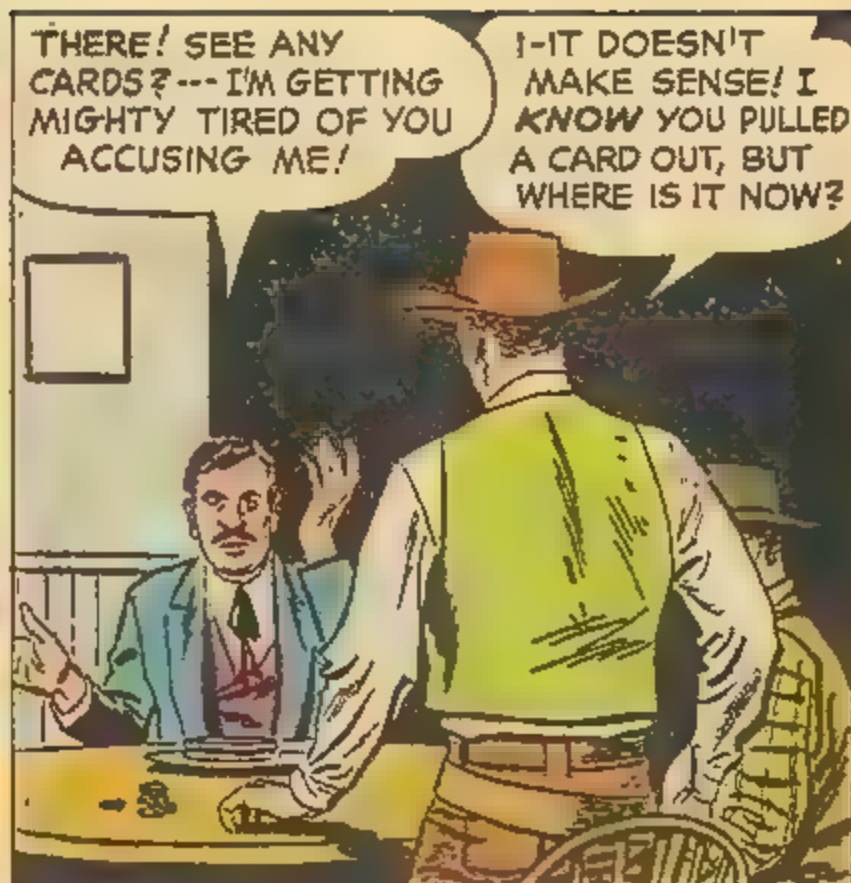
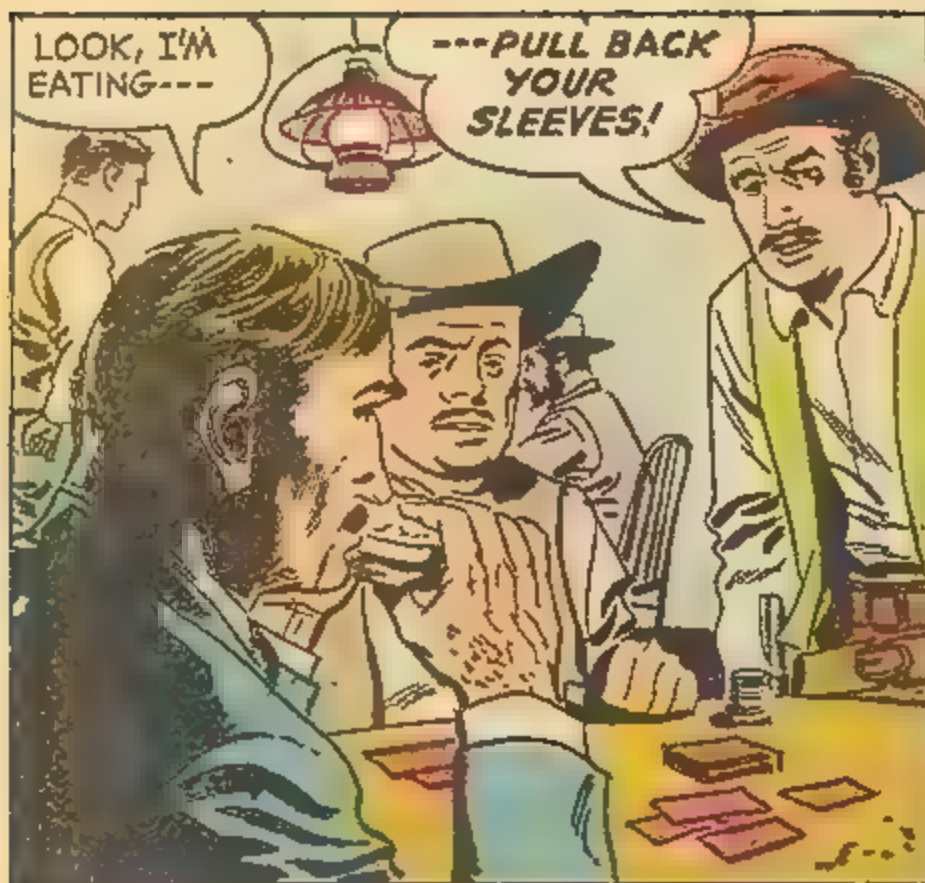
YOU'RE CHEATING! I'D SWEAR YOU PULLED AN ACE OUT FROM YOUR SLEEVE TO WIN THAT HAND! PULL BACK YOUR SLEEVES!



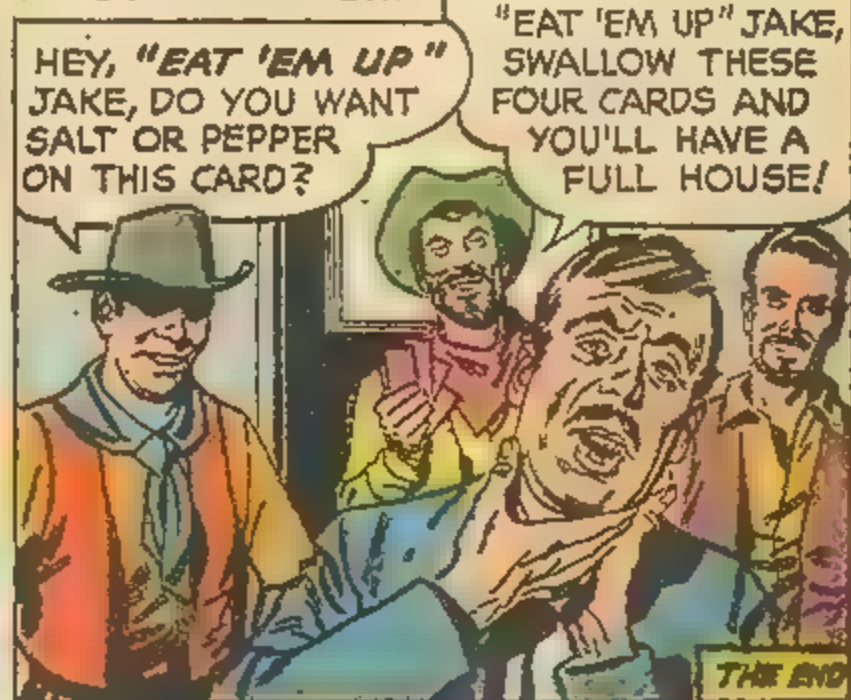
I'LL TAKE A SANDWICH, PLEASE!

MAYBE YOU DIDN'T HEAR ME, BUT I SAID I WANT TO SEE YOUR SLEEVES!



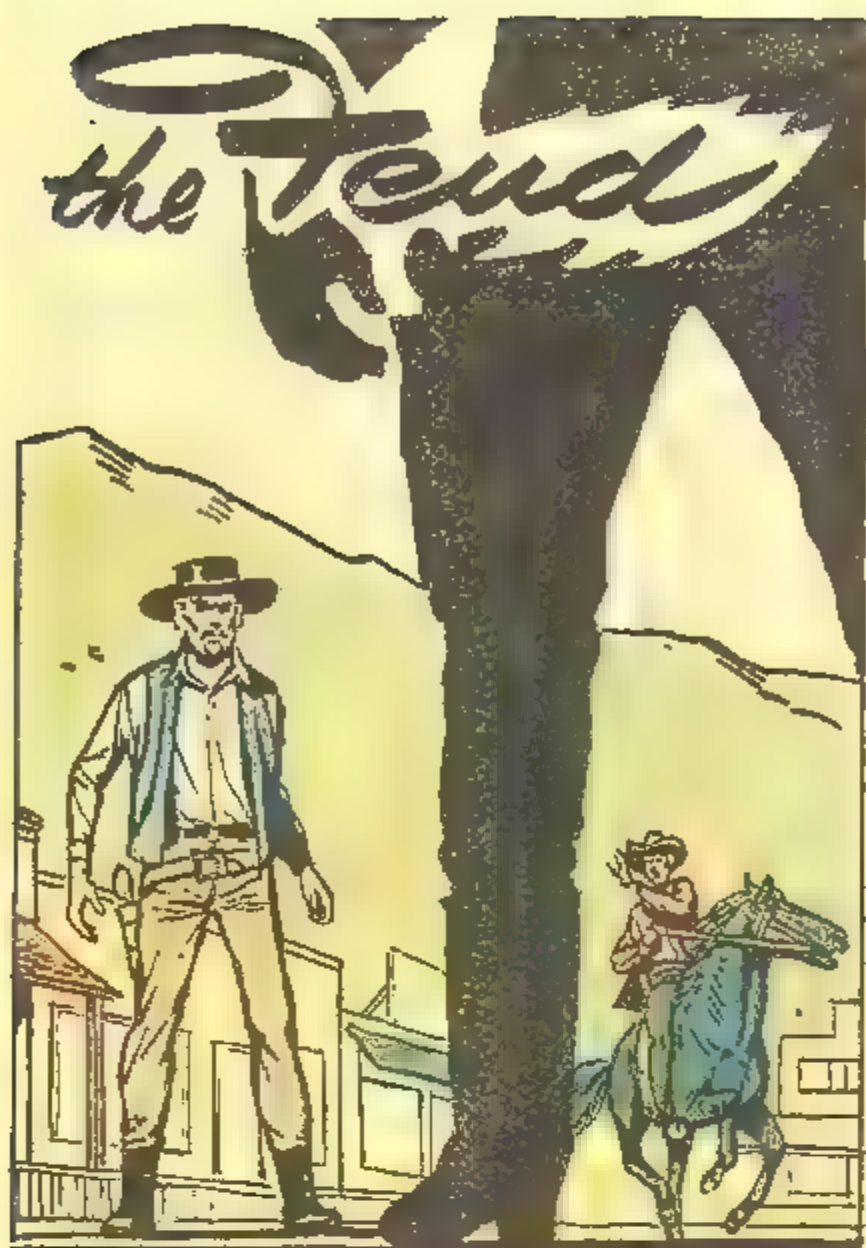


AS THE LAST PIECE OF BREAD AND CARD WENT DOWN, CHOKING AND GAGGING THE CARD CHEAT ROSE, AS A NEW NAME ECHOED THROUGH DODGE...



THE END





In the hot glare of the sun the grizzled sheriff of Baxter County watched his deputy mount. "I still say it won't work, Frank," he said. "No matter what you do those two are bound to shoot it out."

Tight-lipped, Frank Cullen looked down at his boss. "Bud Denver is a friend of mine. We went to school together. Many a time he shared his lunch with me when I was a hungry kid. And if you need reminding about Chet Morrow—he saved my life when the Apaches trapped me in the Superstitions."

Cullen spurred his horse down the dusty street that led out of town, but behind him he heard the sheriff's harsh prediction. "Just the same, I say those two are going to shoot it out in Bedry today."

Riding through the hills Cullen remembered the story of how it all began back in '72, with a quarrel over the water rights on a mountain creek. In the decades that followed, the feud had been taken up by one or another of the Morrow and Denver clans. Nephews, uncles, cousins—one by one they had sacrificed their lives to the feud. And now it was down to the last two, Bud Denver and Chet Morrow. Taunted by

a few trouble-makers they had foolishly challenged each other to a shoot-out on the streets of Bedry. Somehow Frank Cullen had to find a way to stop the fight.

Looking up from his reverie, the deputy found himself riding over Hardscrabble Creek, which had been the cause of the vendetta. For a long moment he looked down at the boulders below, and then suddenly he had it—the plan he needed. Grinning, he rode across the hills toward Bedry.

Bedry was swarming with cattlemen and drifters when Cullen rode in. And then it was happening. Suddenly the crowds vanished from the street, ducking into doorways and alleys for cover. In front of the Longhorn Café, Cullen saw Morrow and Denver, each waiting for the other to make his play.

But it was the deputy who moved first. "You're both under arrest," he said. "Just climb into your saddles boys. We're going for a little ride," he said. And as the crowd watched silently the little cavalcade rode out into the hills.

It was on the bridge above Hardscrabble Creek that he halted them. "Now suppose you two take a look at what you've been scrapping about," said Cullen. "It's bone dry, just as it's been for the past ten years."

"Just wanted you to see the value of those water rights you were going to kill each other for," continued the Deputy. He handed them their guns. "You can fight now, if you want to," he added noncommittally.

Guns in hand, Denver and Morrow crouched scowling at each other. Then suddenly, irresistably, their eyes were drawn back to the sight of that bareboned stream beneath them. And in the next moment they were laughing and shaking hands.

"The creek's yours," said Morrow. "I'll see my lawyer in the morning."

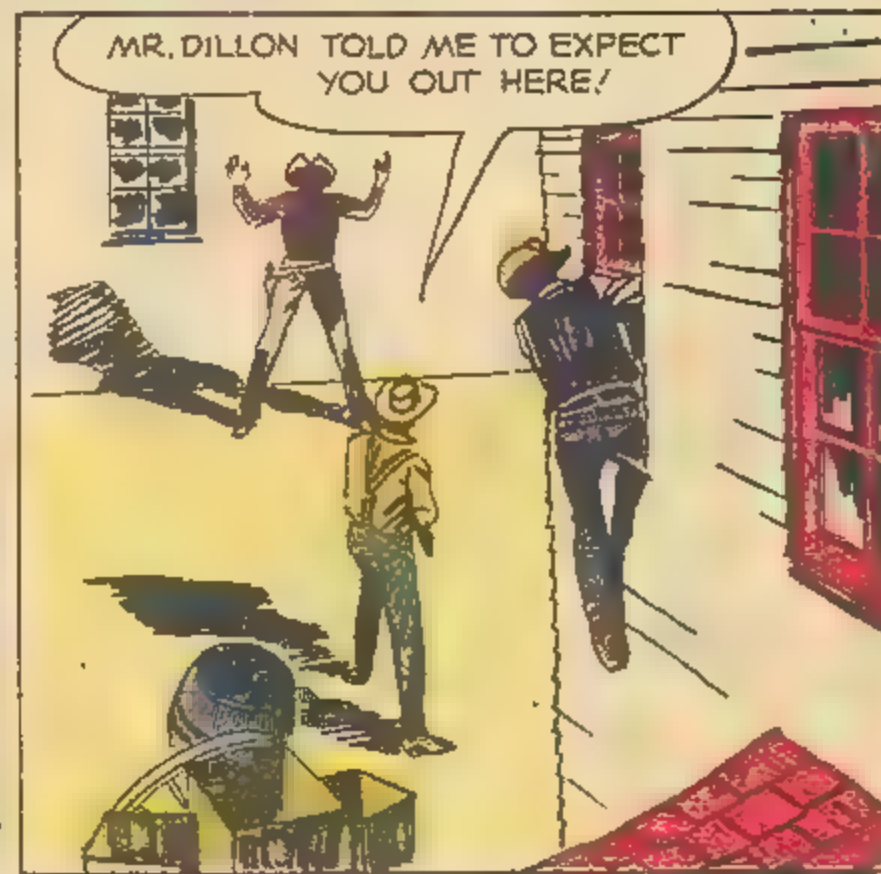
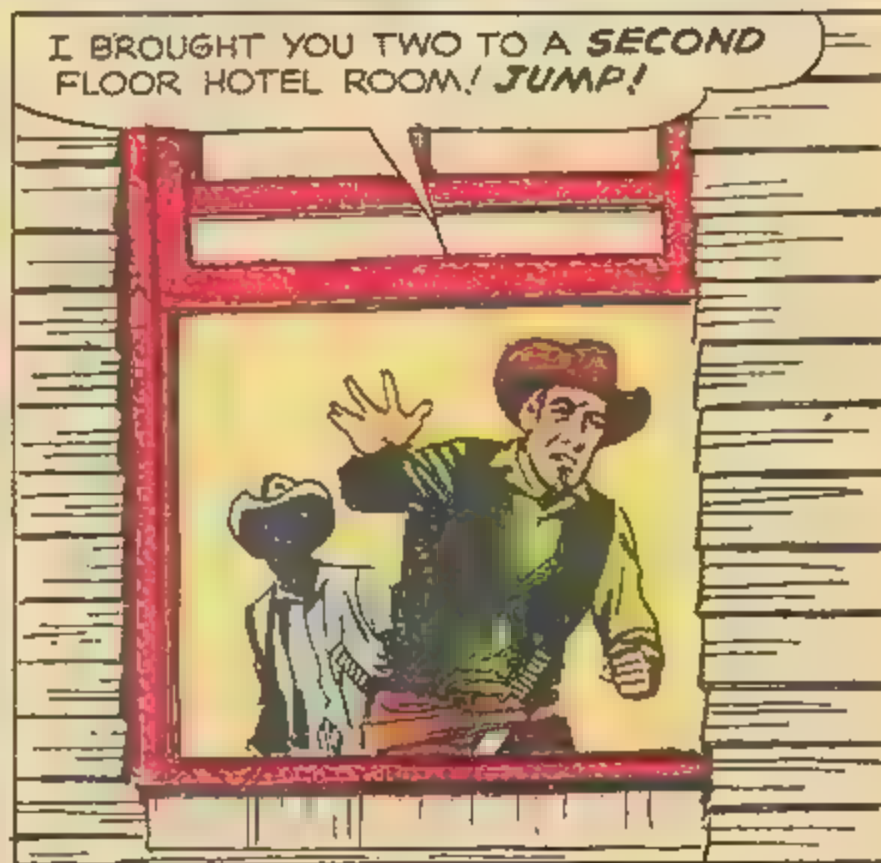
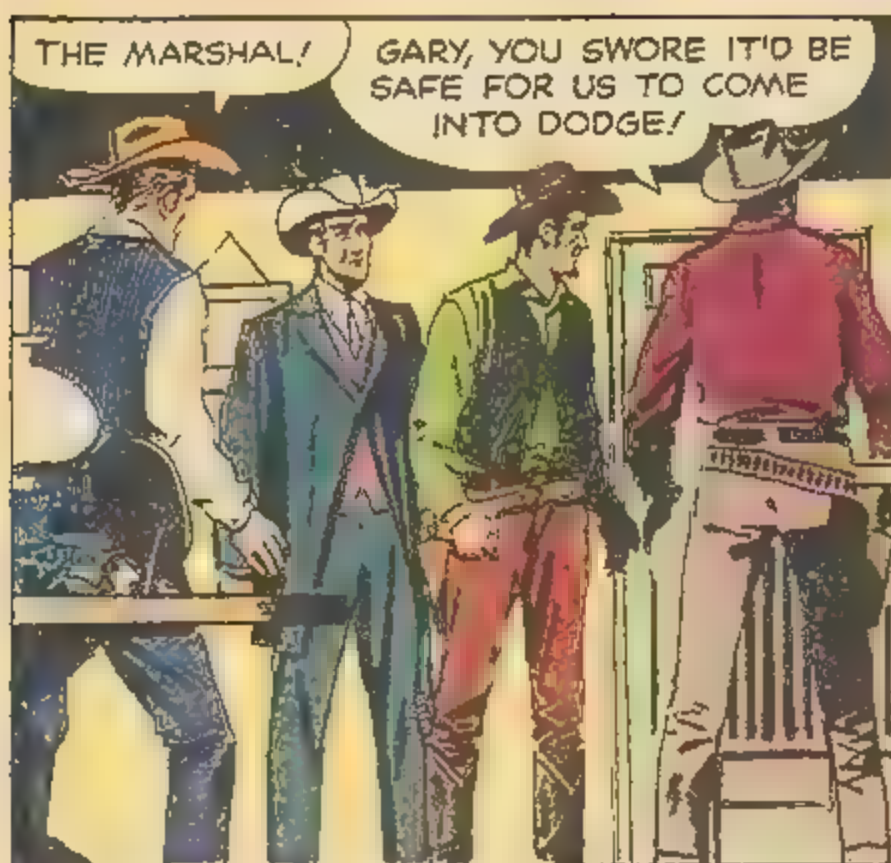
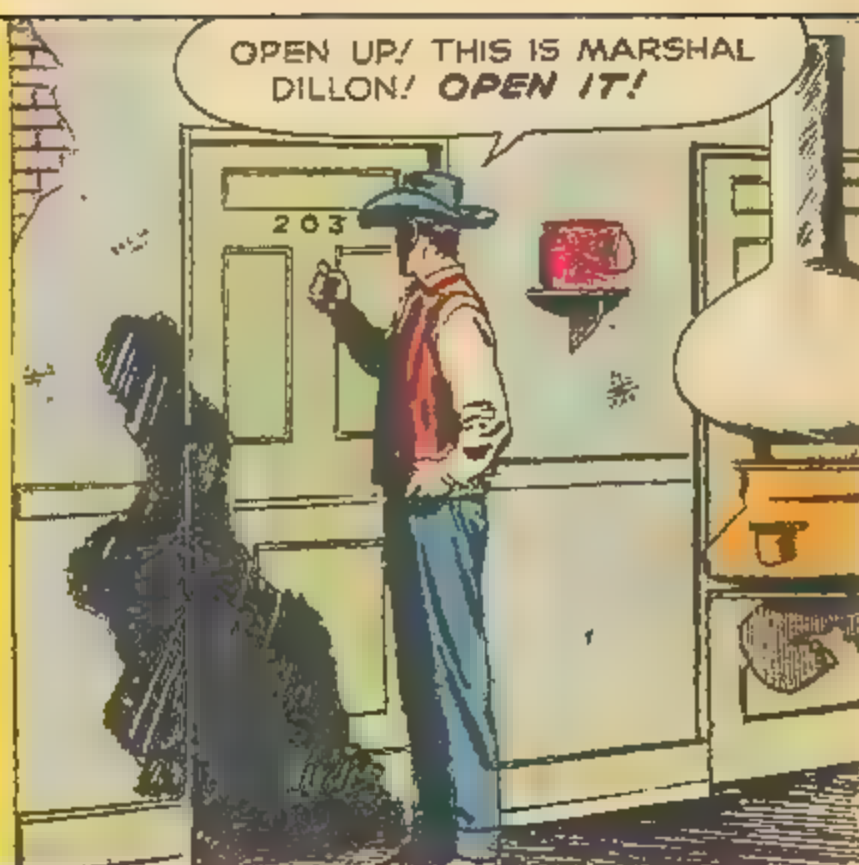
"Me pay taxes on that dry mud bed? Not on your life," answered Denver. "You can have it."

And standing beside them Cullen was grinning. "No fighting, boys. We just ended one feud. We don't want to start another."

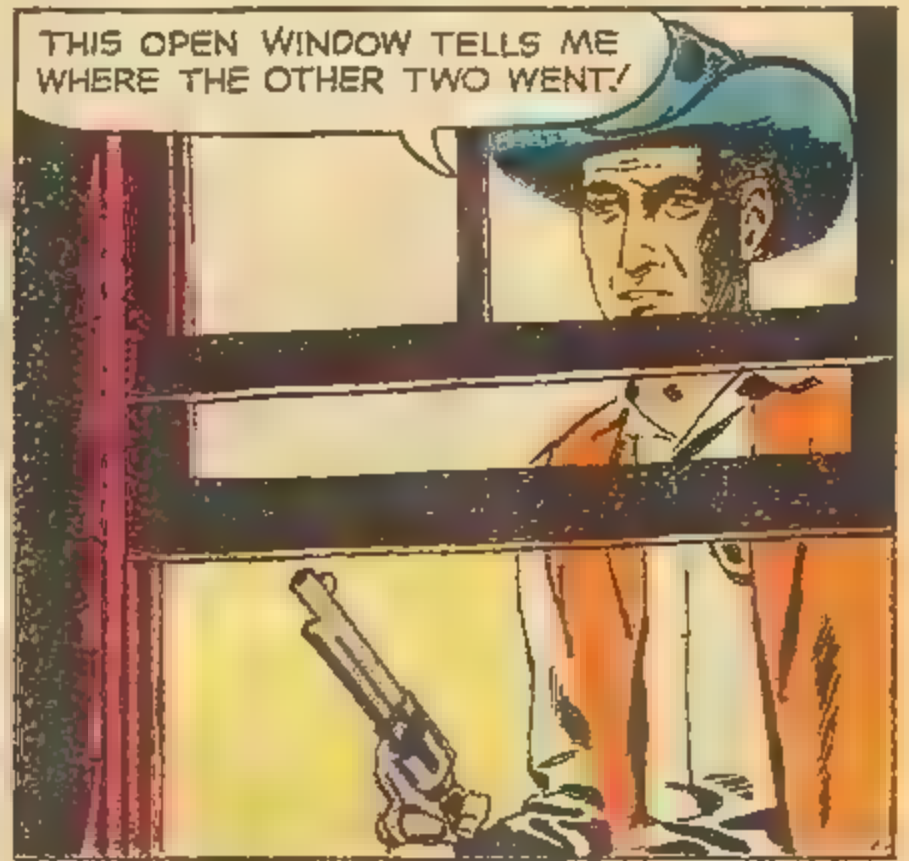
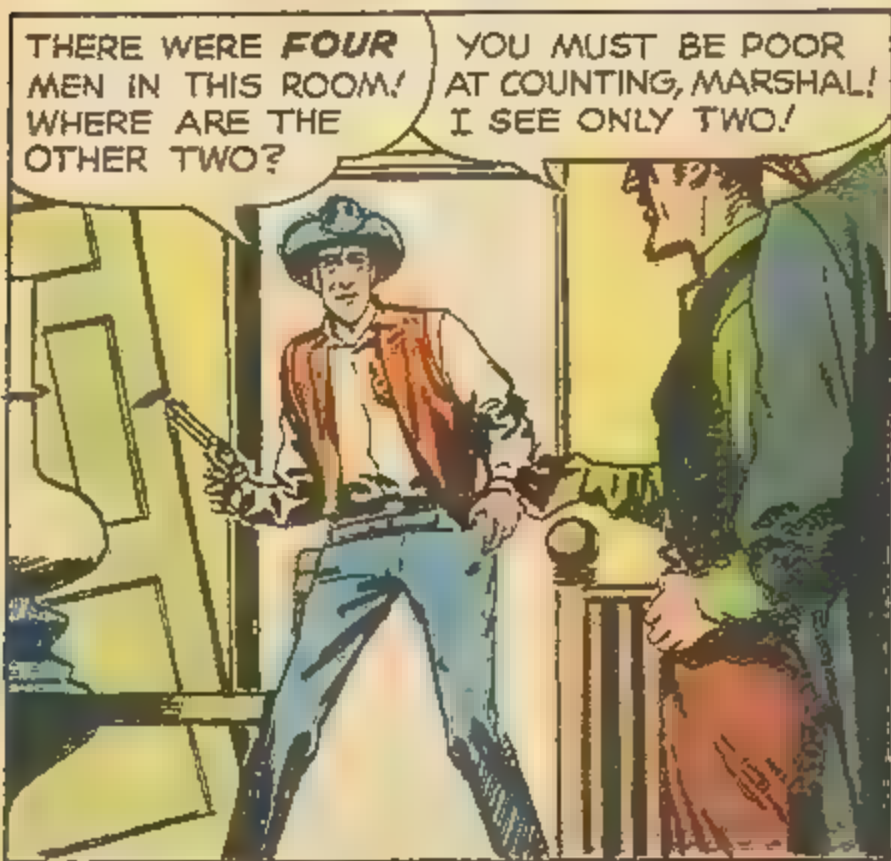
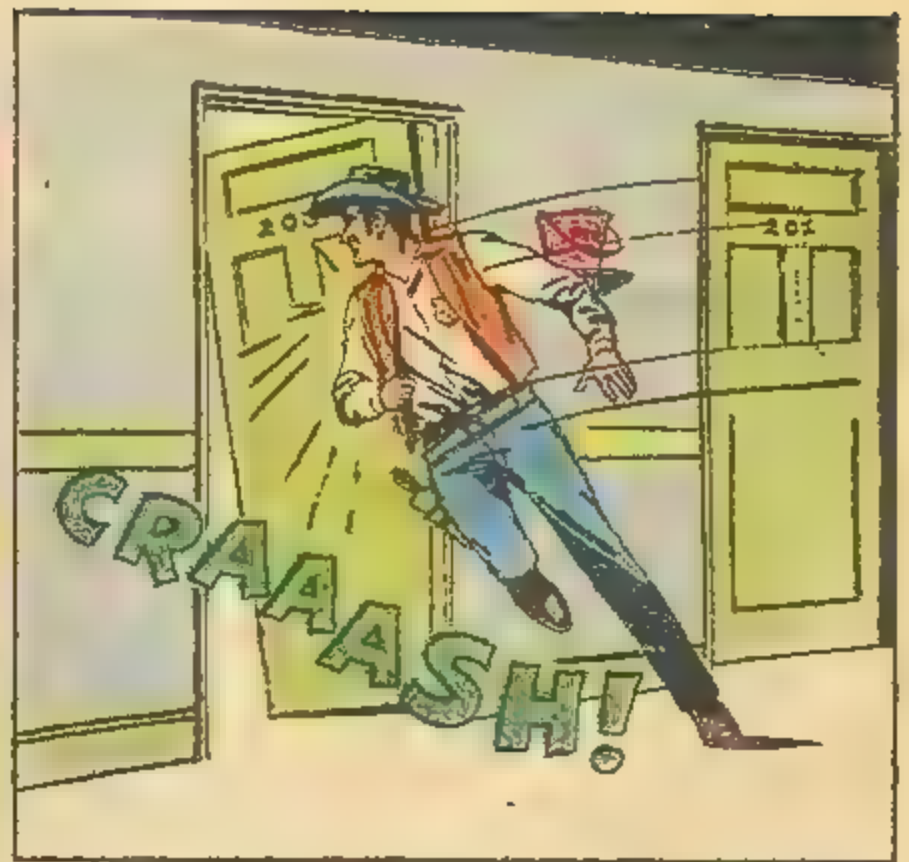


# GUNSMOKE

## THE FLASH OF A KNIFE











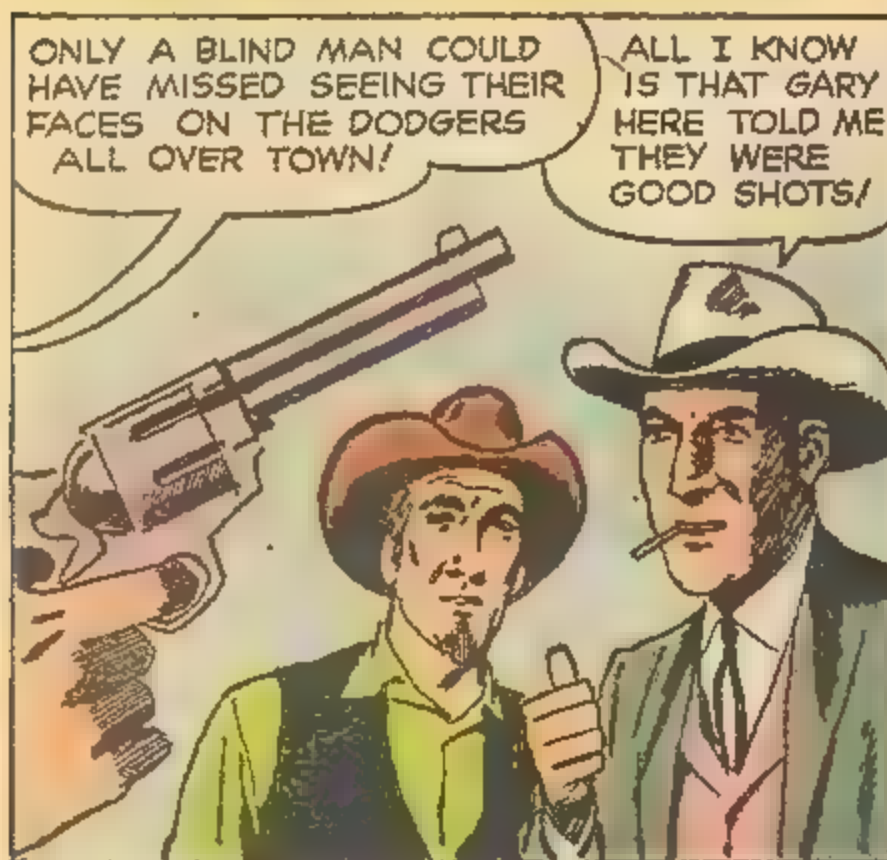
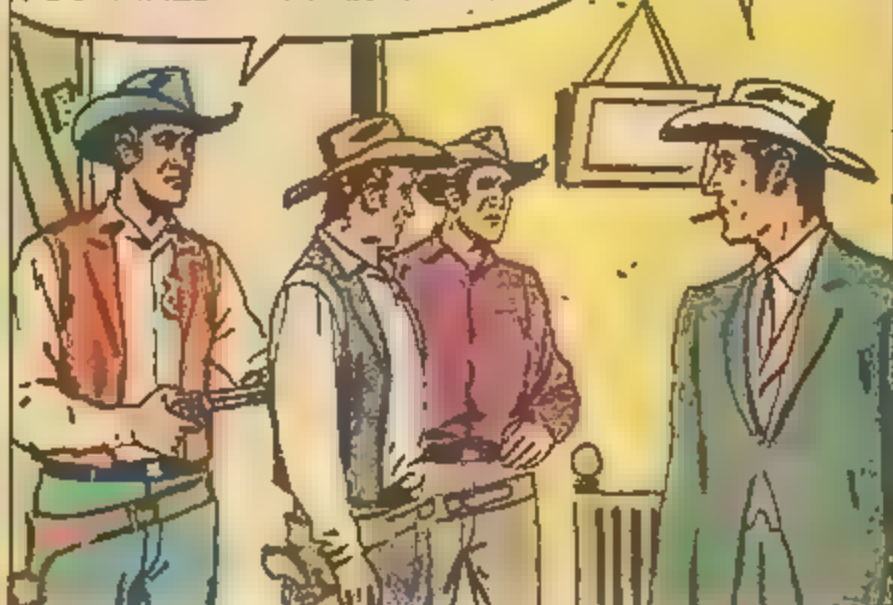
HO-HOLD YOUR FIRE---

---THEN KEEP THOSE HANDS HIGH!

MINUTES LATER...

BRISTOL, I KNOW YOU'RE A BUFFALO HIDE BUYER AND YOU STAKE BUFFALO HUNTING CREWS, BUT I DIDN'T THINK YOU HIRED WANTED MEN!

WANTED MEN!  
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MARSHAL?

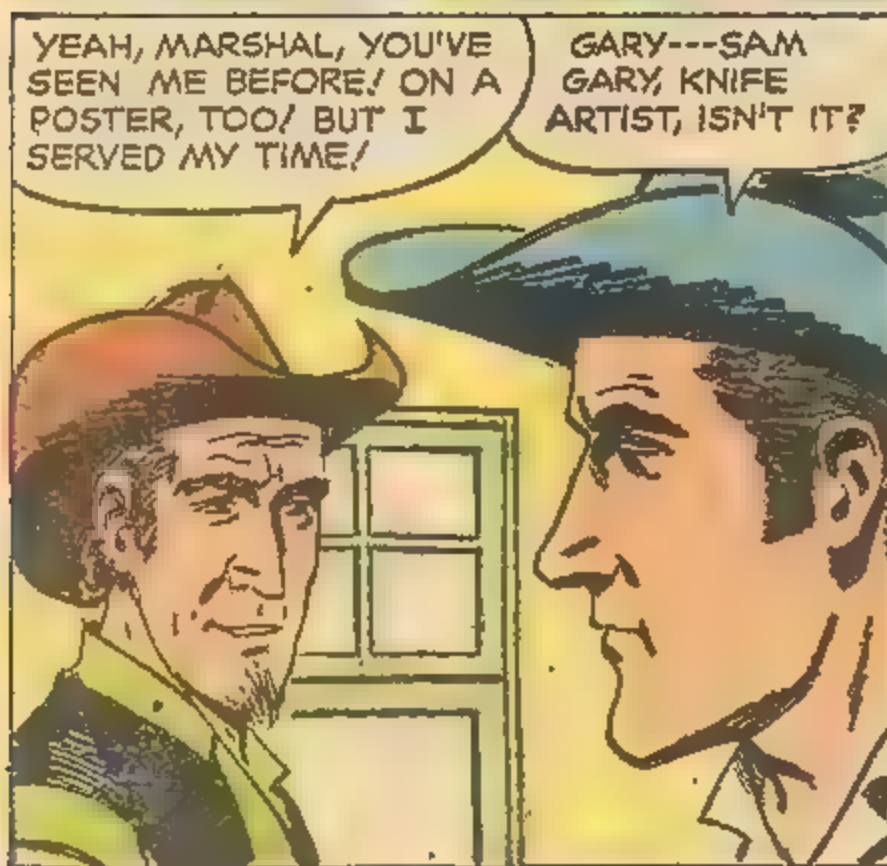


ONLY A BLIND MAN COULD HAVE MISSED SEEING THEIR FACES ON THE DODGERS ALL OVER TOWN!

ALL I KNOW IS THAT GARY HERE TOLD ME THEY WERE GOOD SHOTS!

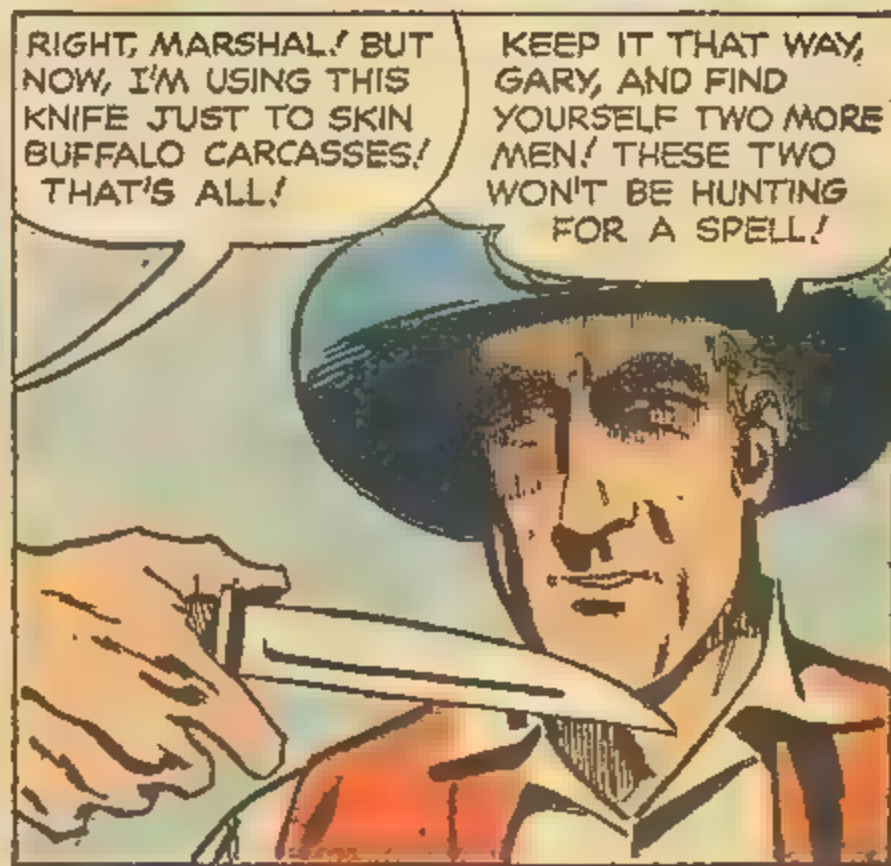


THEY CERTAINLY ARE! THEY HIT A BANK GUARD AT FORTY YARDS LAST MONTH! BETTER WATCH WHO YOU HIRE, BRISTOL!



YEAH, MARSHAL, YOU'VE SEEN ME BEFORE! ON A POSTER, TOO! BUT I SERVED MY TIME!

GARY---SAM GARY, KNIFE ARTIST, ISN'T IT?

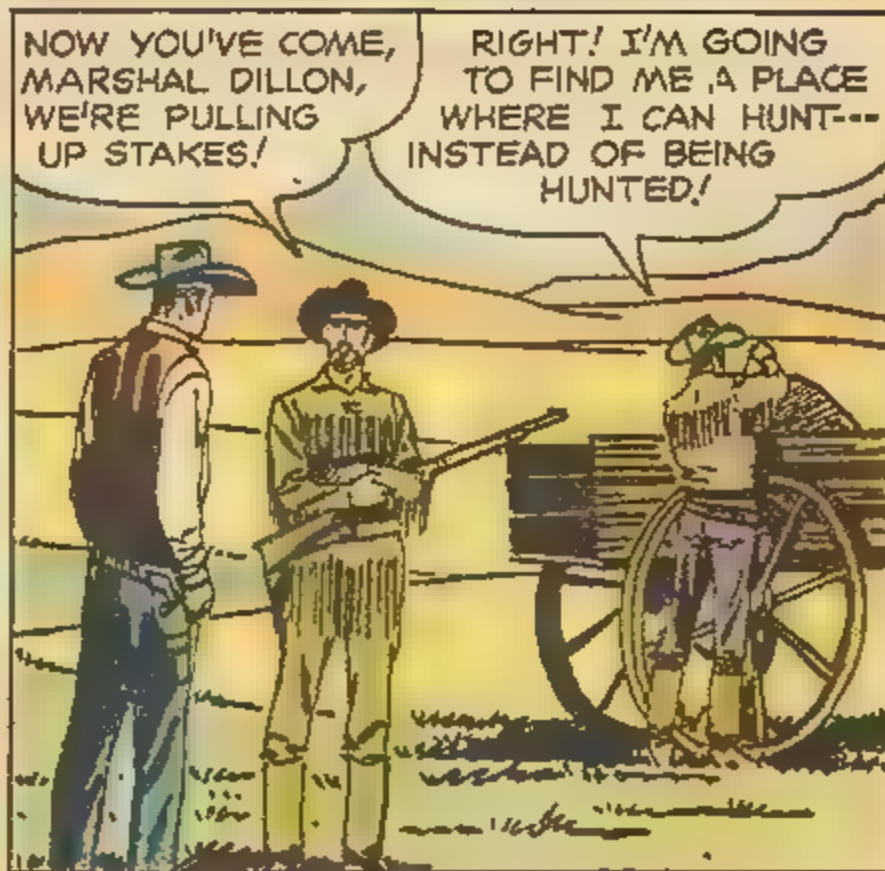
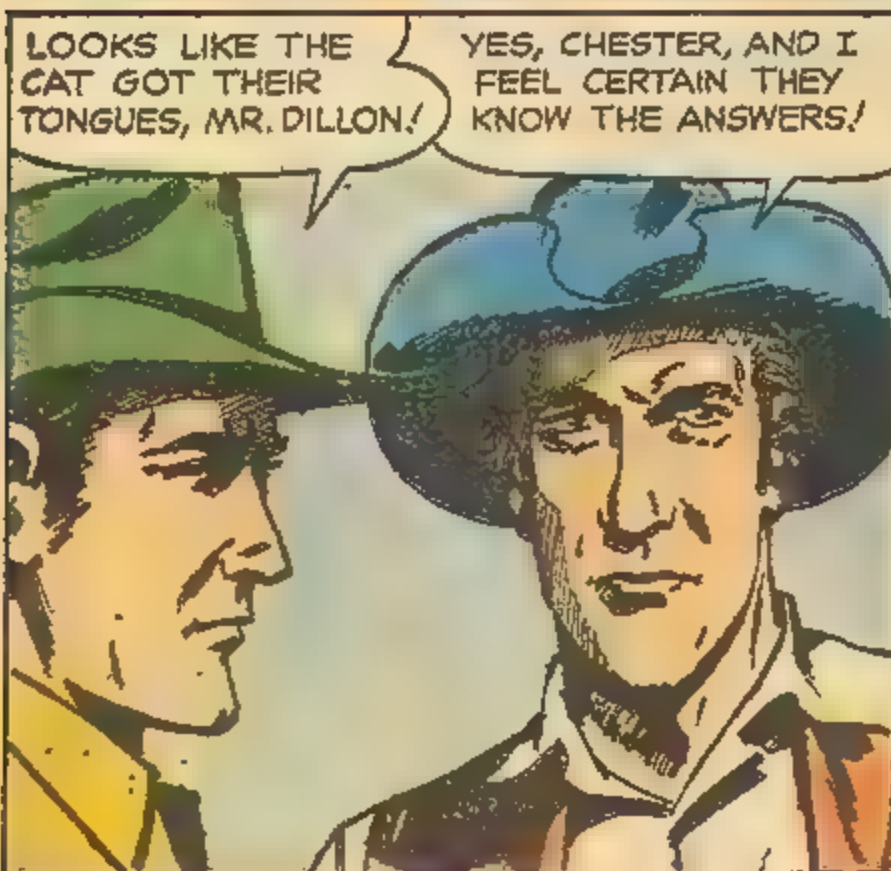
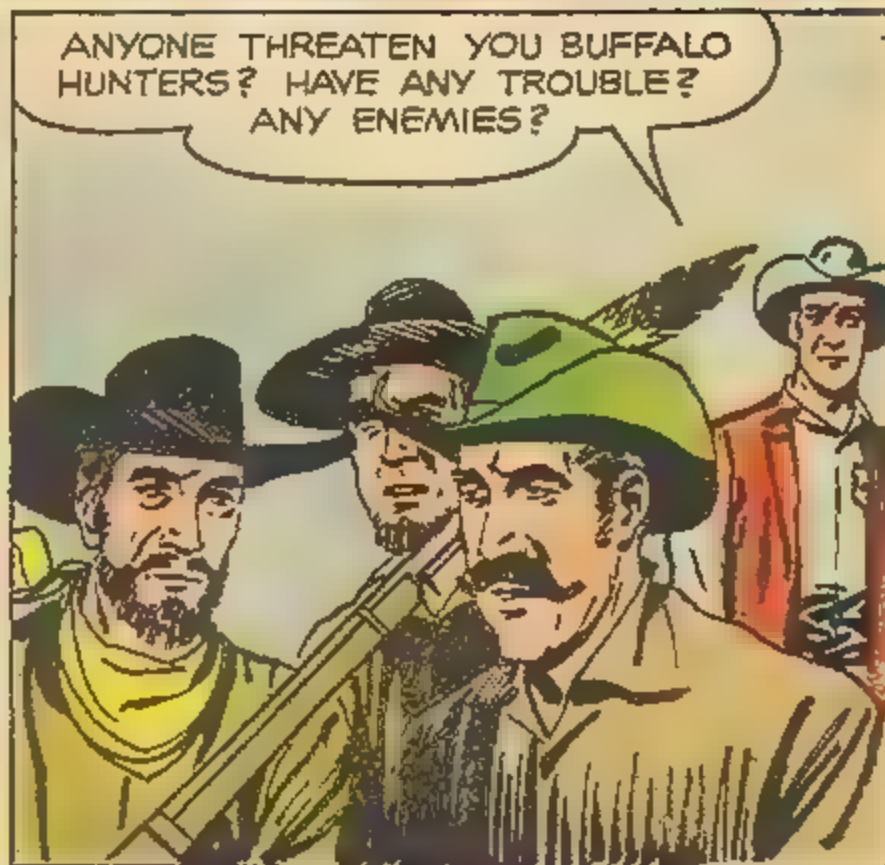
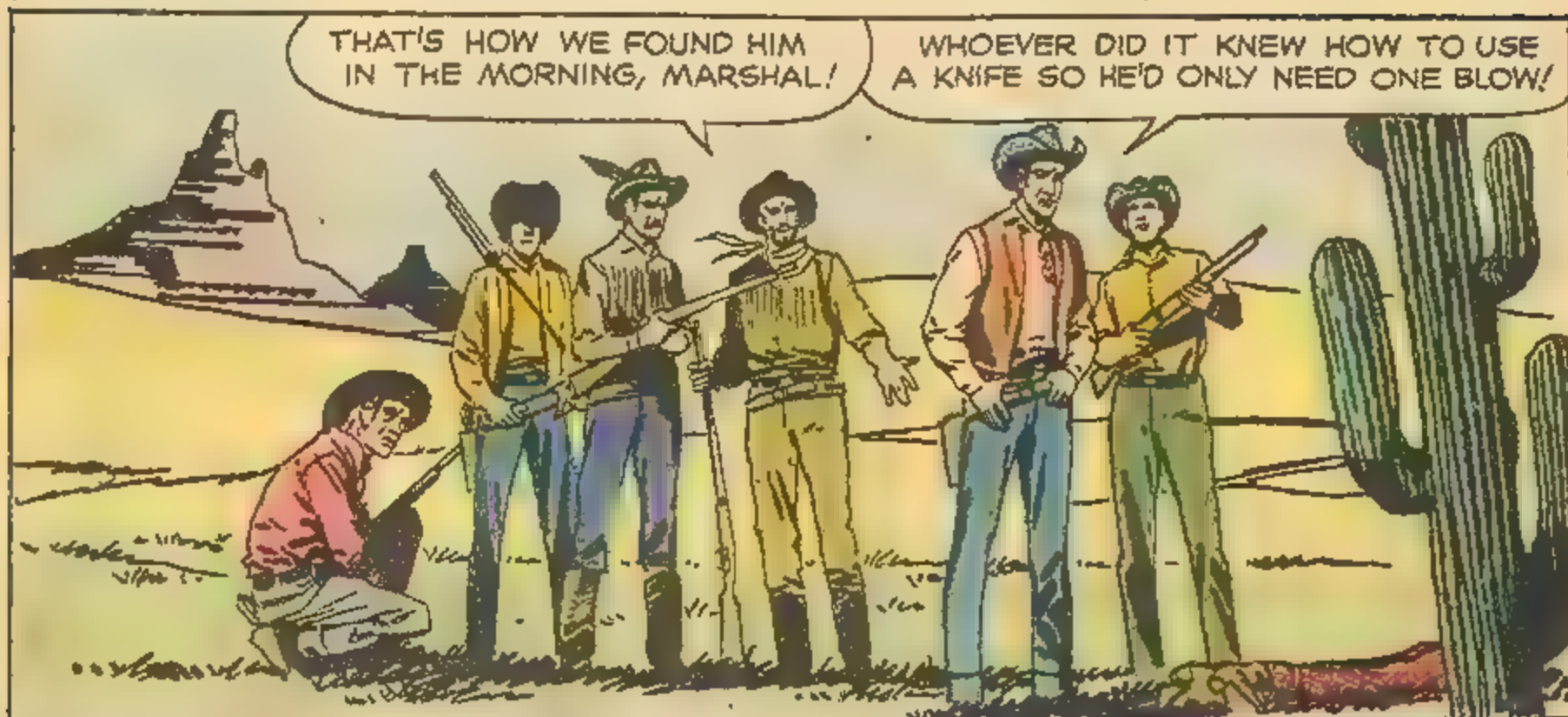


RIGHT, MARSHAL! BUT NOW, I'M USING THIS KNIFE JUST TO SKIN BUFFALO CARCASSES! THAT'S ALL!

KEEP IT THAT WAY, GARY, AND FIND YOURSELF TWO MORE MEN! THESE TWO WON'T BE HUNTING FOR A SPELL!



A WEEK LATER, ON THE BUFFALO-CROSSED PLAINS BEYOND DODGE...

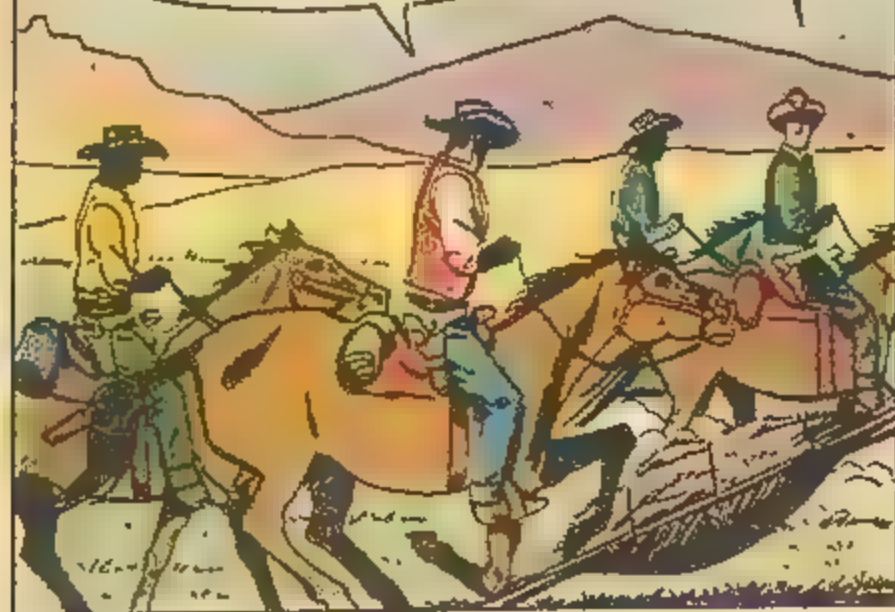




AND AS THEY START BACK...

WHY ARE YOU FELLOWS  
POINTING TO DODGE? YOU  
HAVEN'T EVEN A DOZEN  
BUFFALO HIDES!

THEY'LL  
DO,  
MARSHAL!



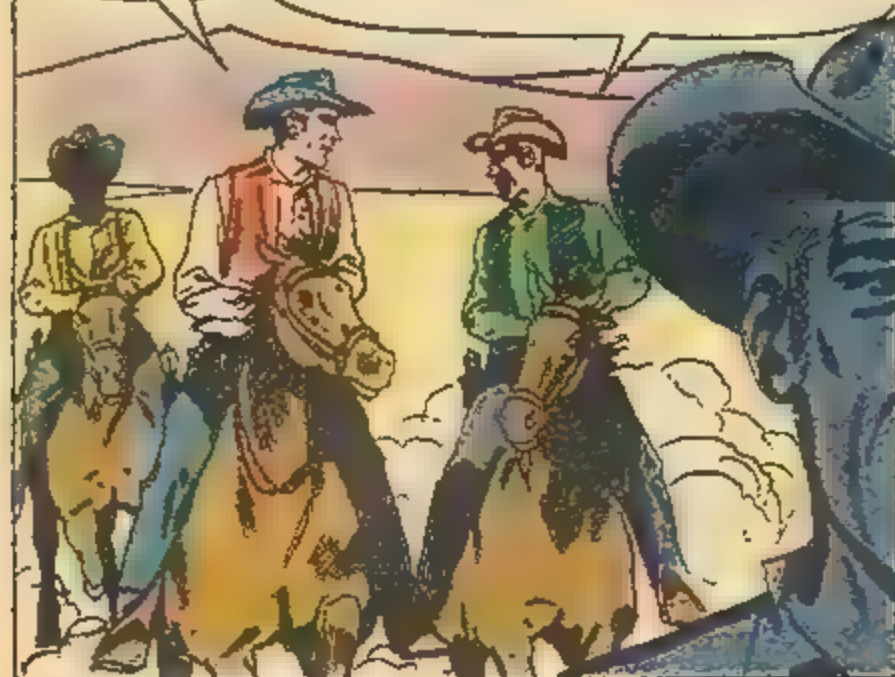
YOU CAN'T  
MAKE ANY  
MONEY ON  
THOSE FEW  
SKINS!

MAYBE THERE ARE SOME  
THINGS IN LIFE MORE IM-  
PORTANT THAN MONEY---  
LIKE JUST GOING ON LIVING!



SOMEONE  
THREATEN  
YOU?

ALL THESE ANIMALS KICK  
UP A LOT OF DUST, MARSHAL!  
OPENING YOUR MOUTH TO  
TALK COULD CHOKE A MAN!



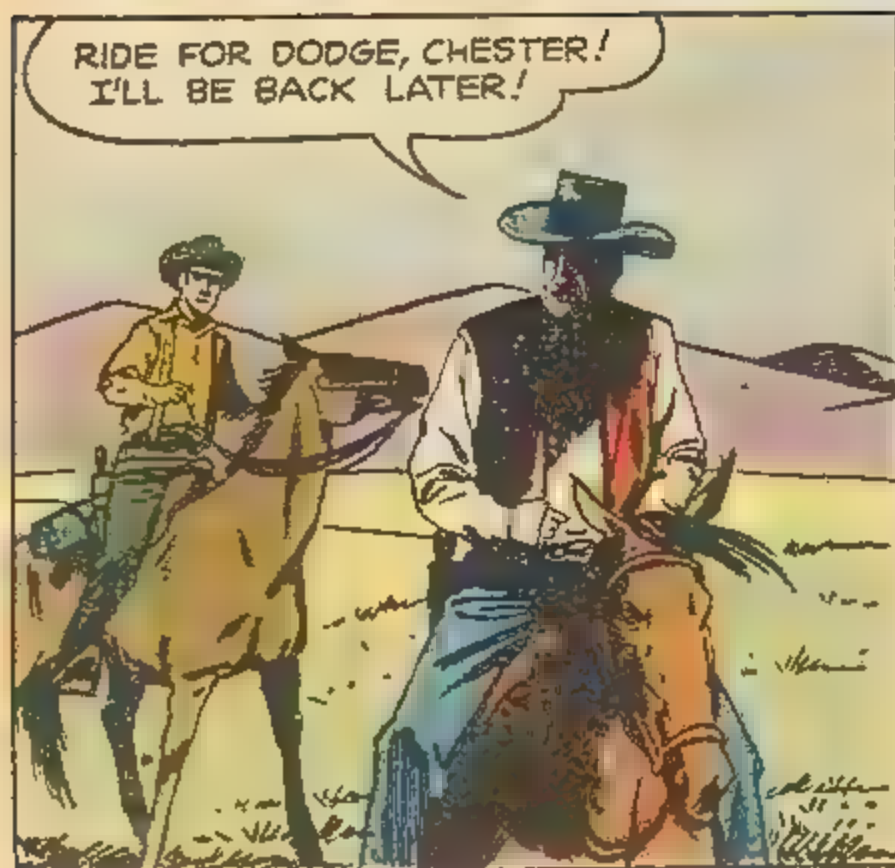
THAT'S THE SECOND  
BUFFALO CREW THAT'S  
PULLED OUT,  
MR. DILLON!

I'M GOING TO SEE  
IF GARY'S OUTFIT  
IS BEHIND THIS!

IF HE WENT ON HIRING  
WANTED MEN, THAT COULD  
BE THE ANSWER!



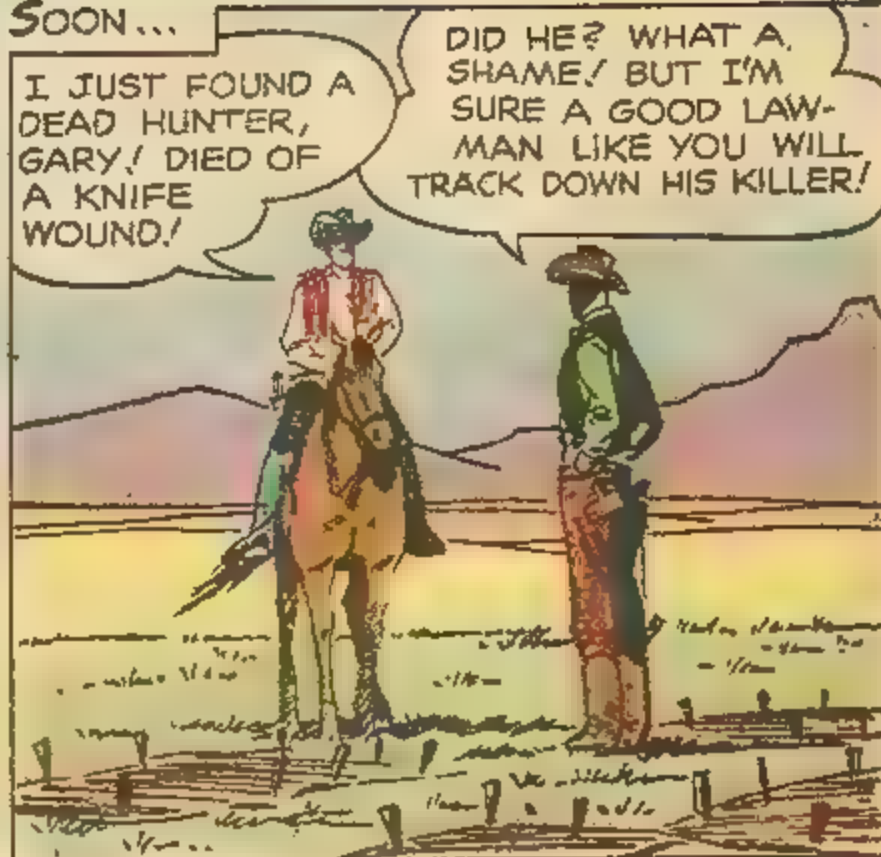
RIDE FOR DODGE, CHESTER!  
I'LL BE BACK LATER!



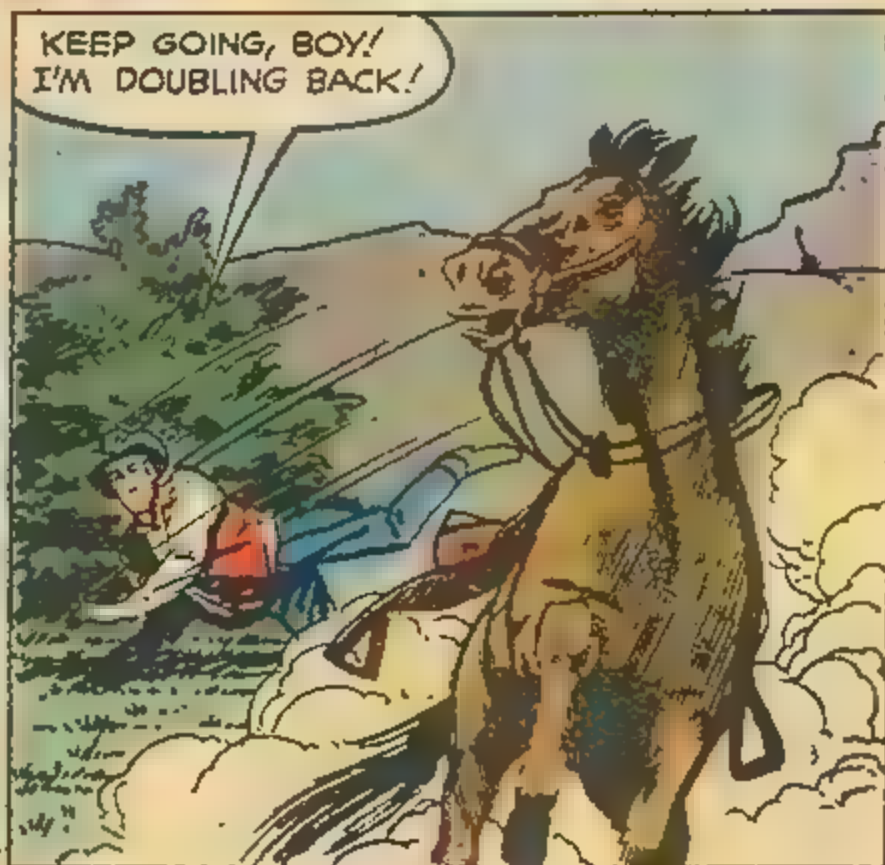
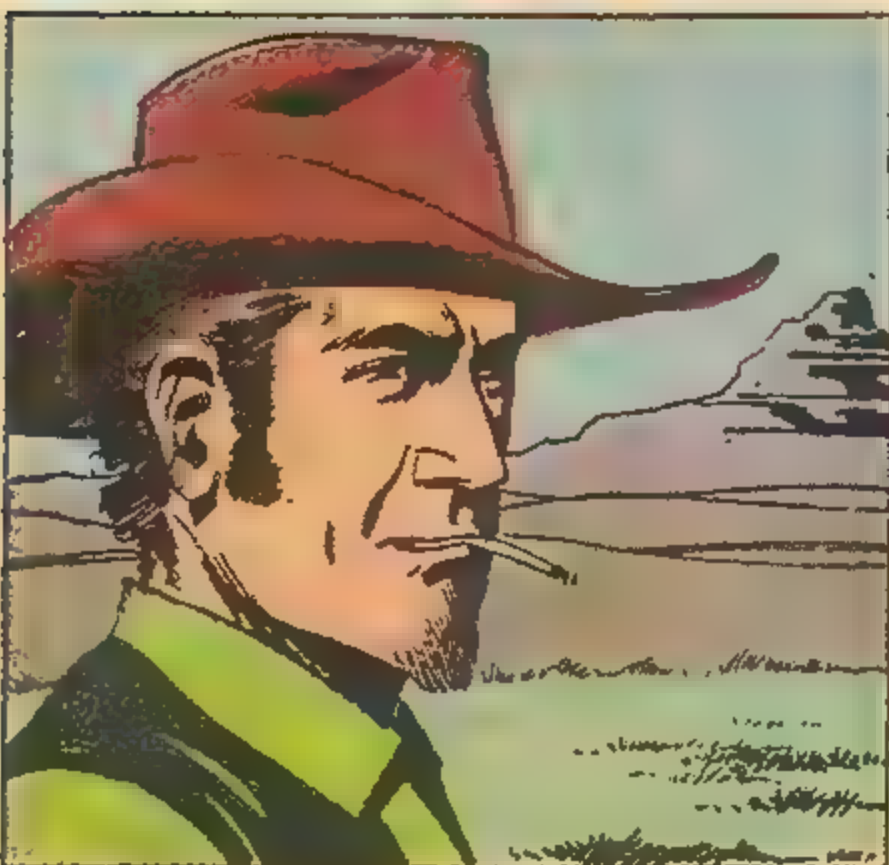
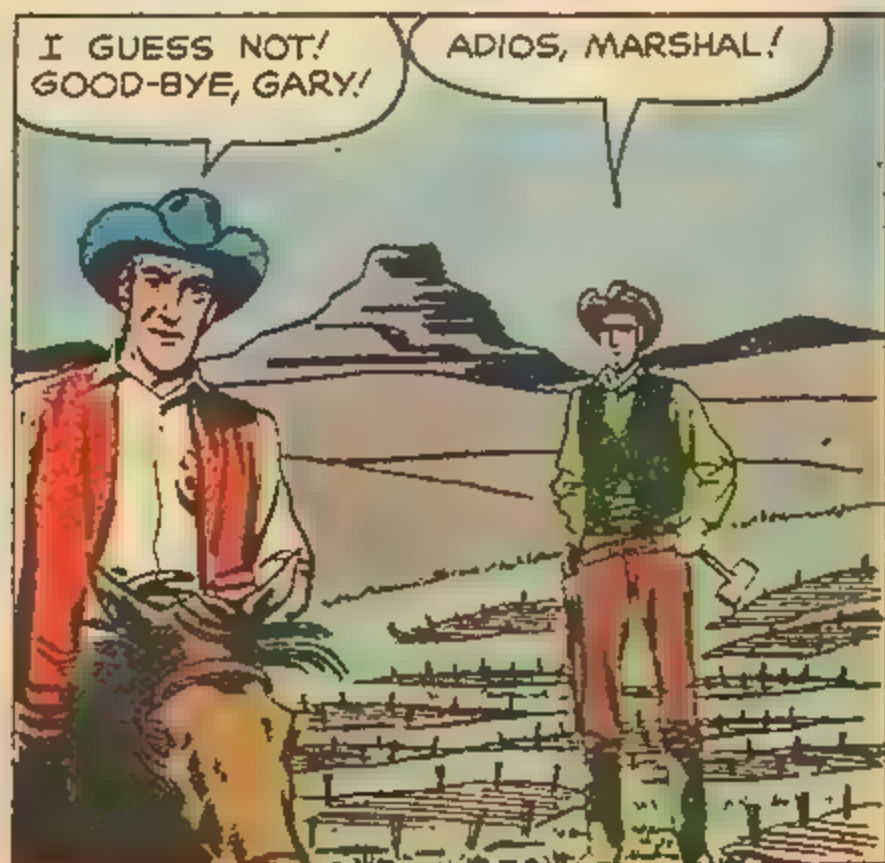
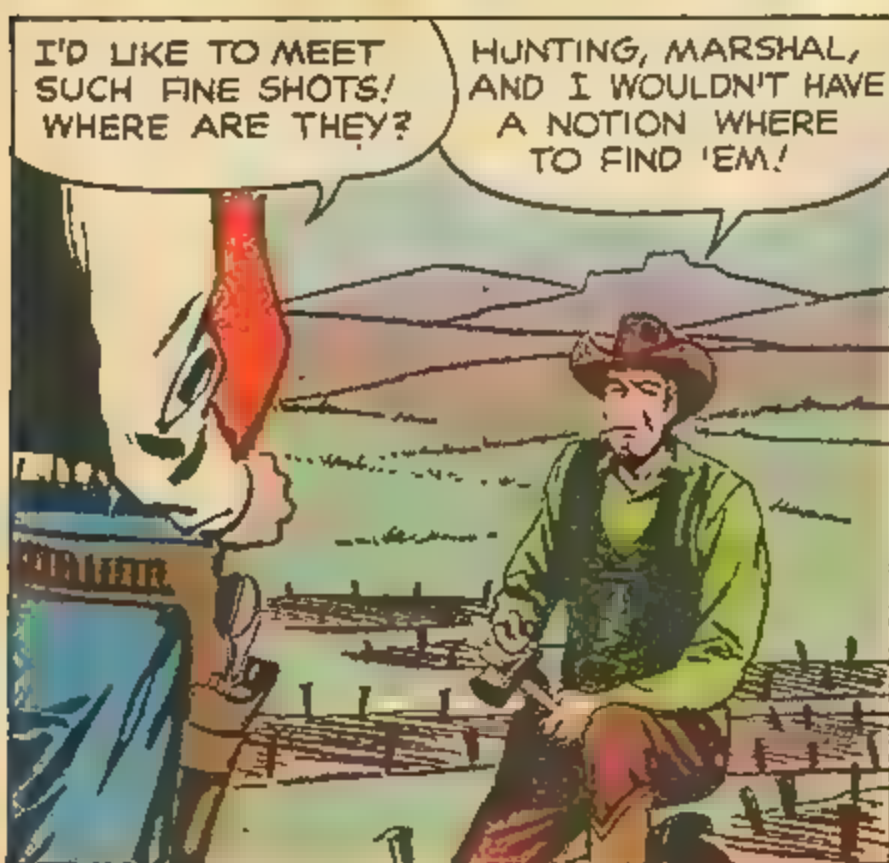
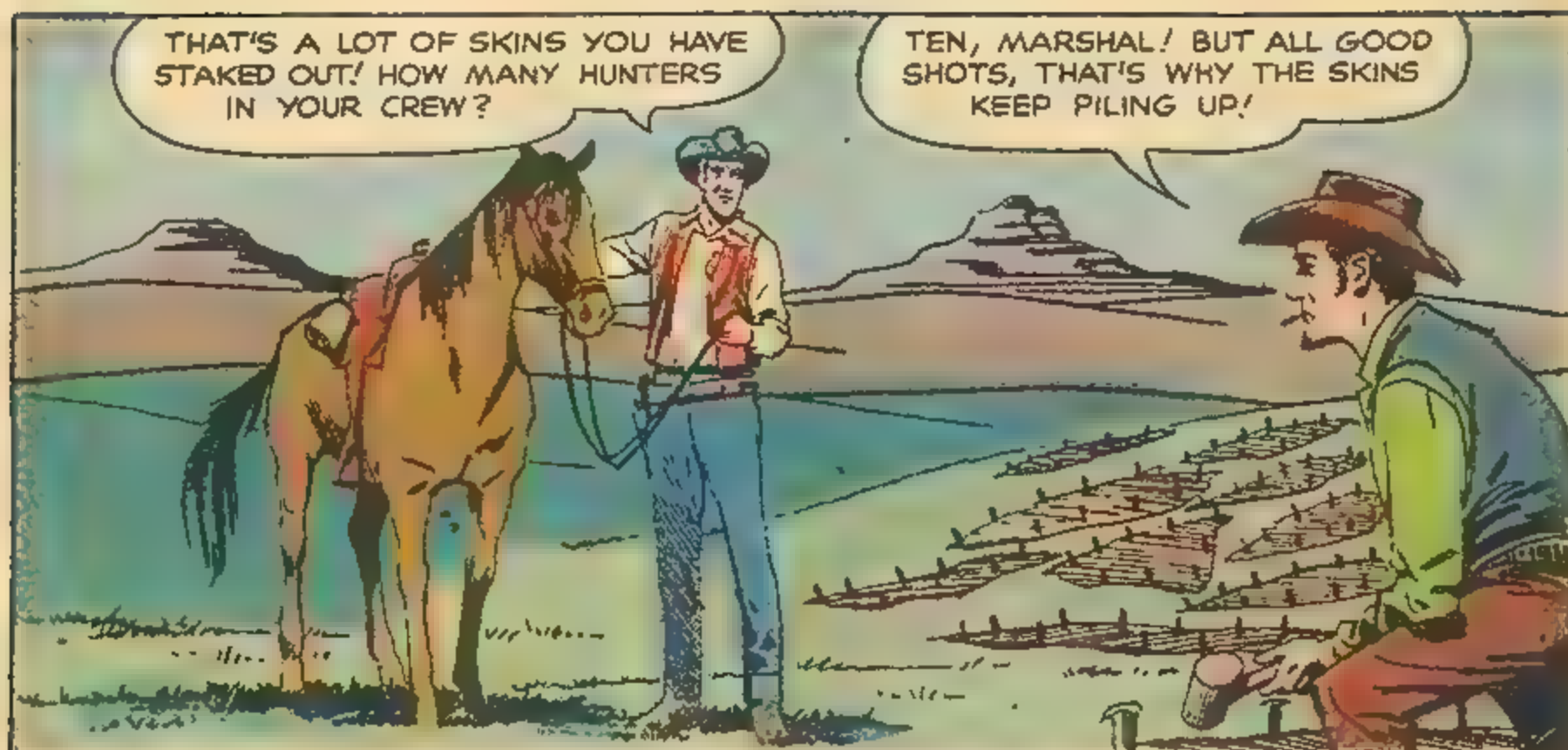
SOON...

I JUST FOUND A  
DEAD HUNTER,  
GARY! DIED OF  
A KNIFE  
WOUND!

DID HE? WHAT A  
SHAME! BUT I'M  
SURE A GOOD LAW-  
MAN LIKE YOU WILL  
TRACK DOWN HIS KILLER!









WITH THE DUST HE'S  
RAISING, GARY SHOULD  
THINK I'M STILL RIDING  
HIM!



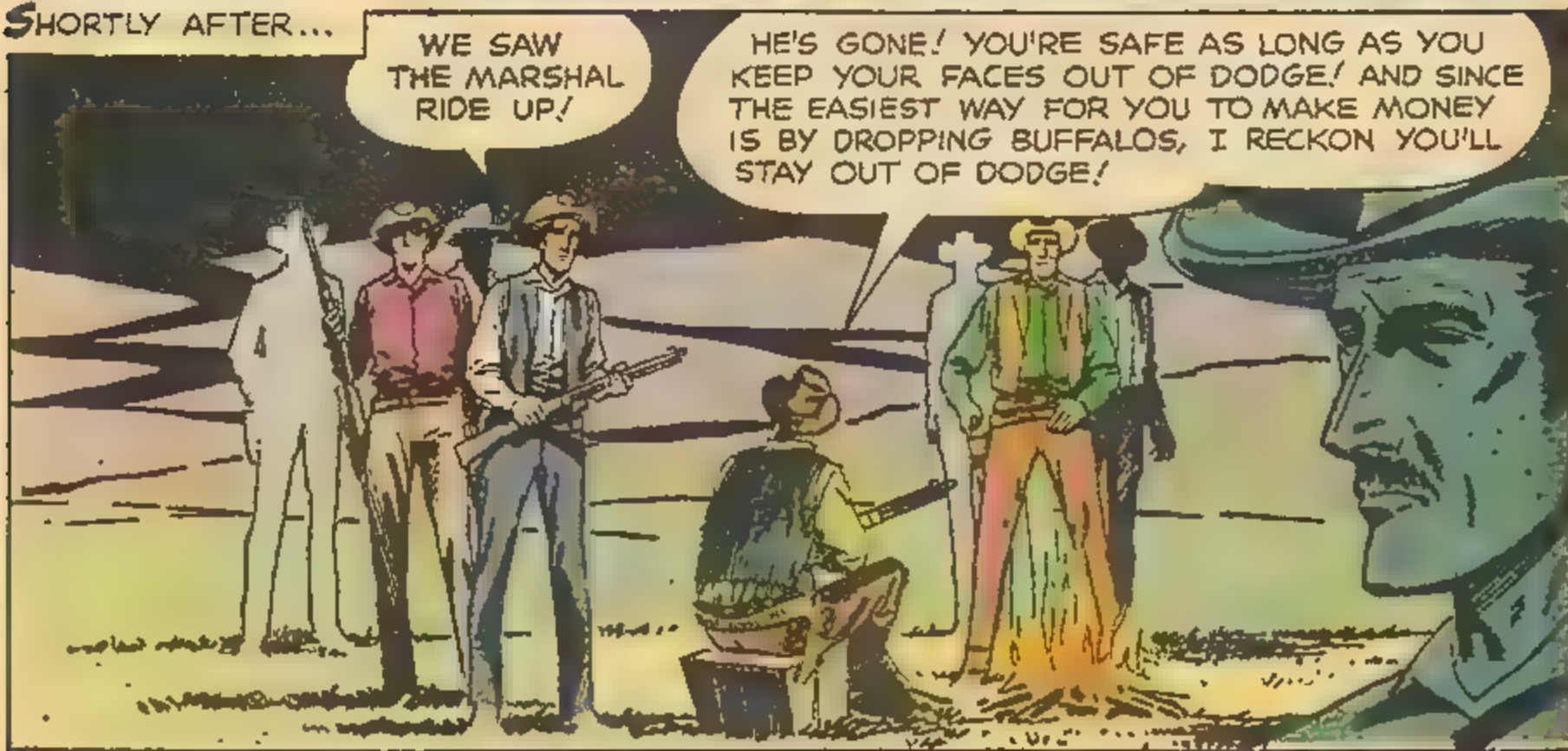
IT DOESN'T TAKE TWO  
GUESSES TO FIGURE  
WHO GARY'S SIGNALING!



SHORTLY AFTER...

WE SAW  
THE MARSHAL  
RIDE UP!

HE'S GONE! YOU'RE SAFE AS LONG AS YOU  
KEEP YOUR FACES OUT OF DODGE! AND SINCE  
THE EASIEST WAY FOR YOU TO MAKE MONEY  
IS BY DROPPING BUFFALOS, I RECKON YOU'LL  
STAY OUT OF DODGE!



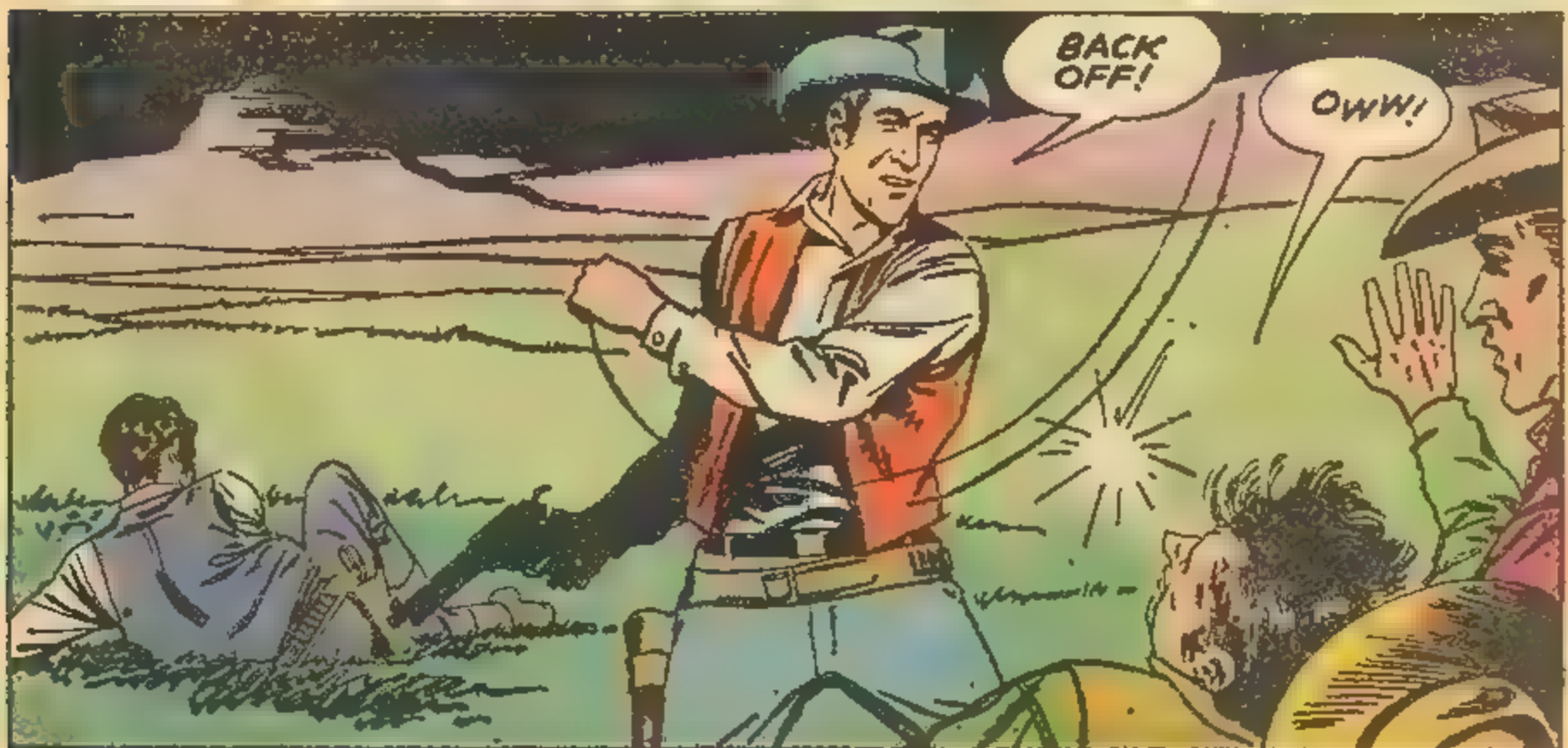
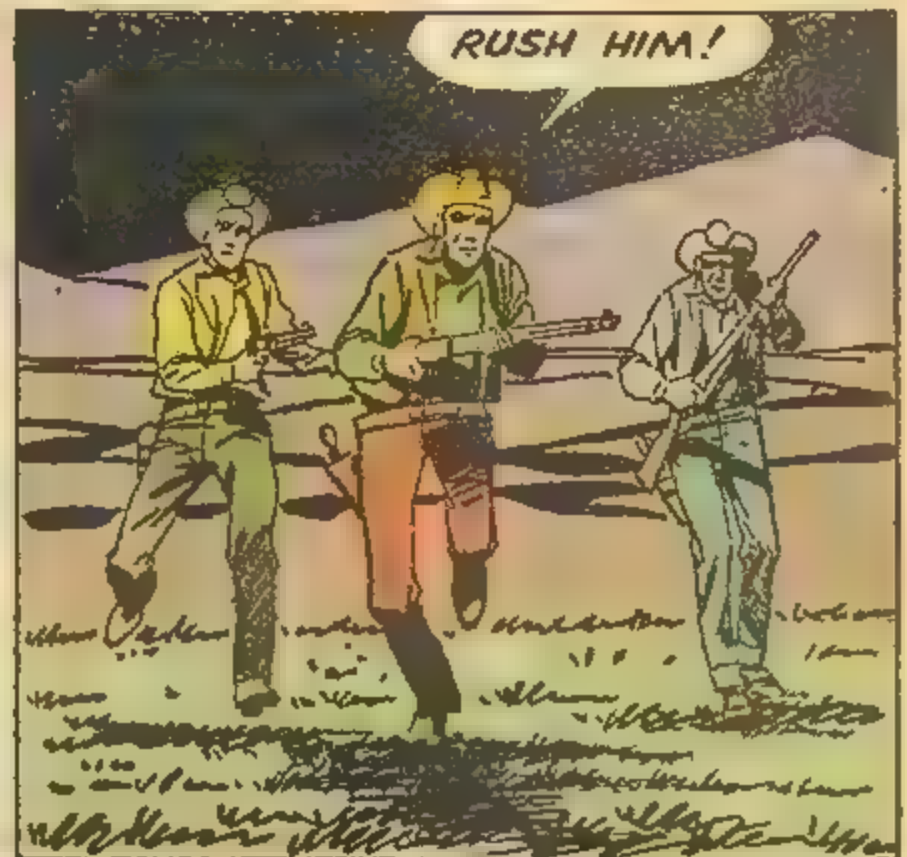
NOT TWO OF THEM! THEY'RE  
GOING BACK TO DODGE WITH  
ME TO STAND TRIAL!



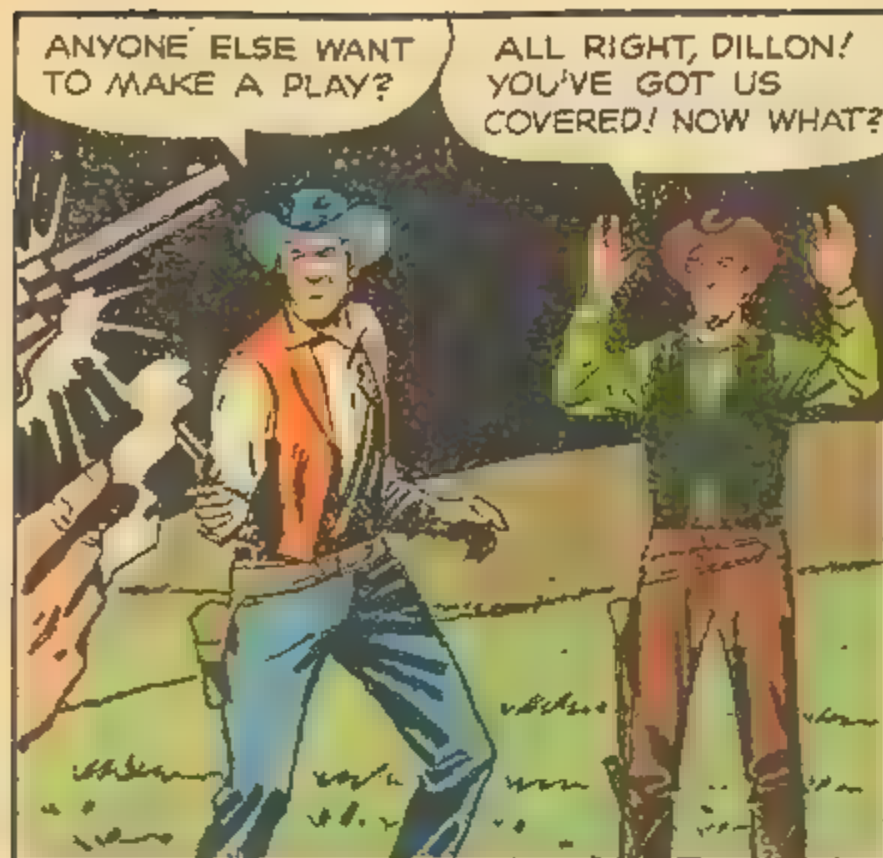
GUN HIM!











ANYONE ELSE WANT TO MAKE A PLAY?

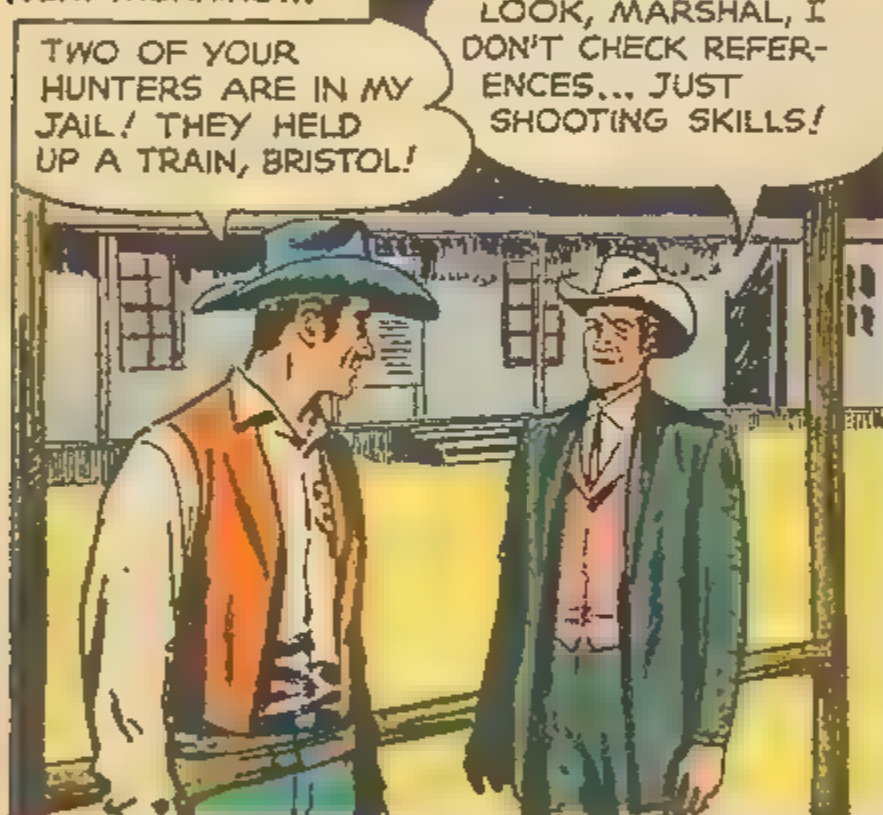
ALL RIGHT, DILLON! YOU'VE GOT US COVERED! NOW WHAT?



I'M TAKING THESE TWO BACK! THEY'RE WANTED FOR STOPPING A TRAIN!

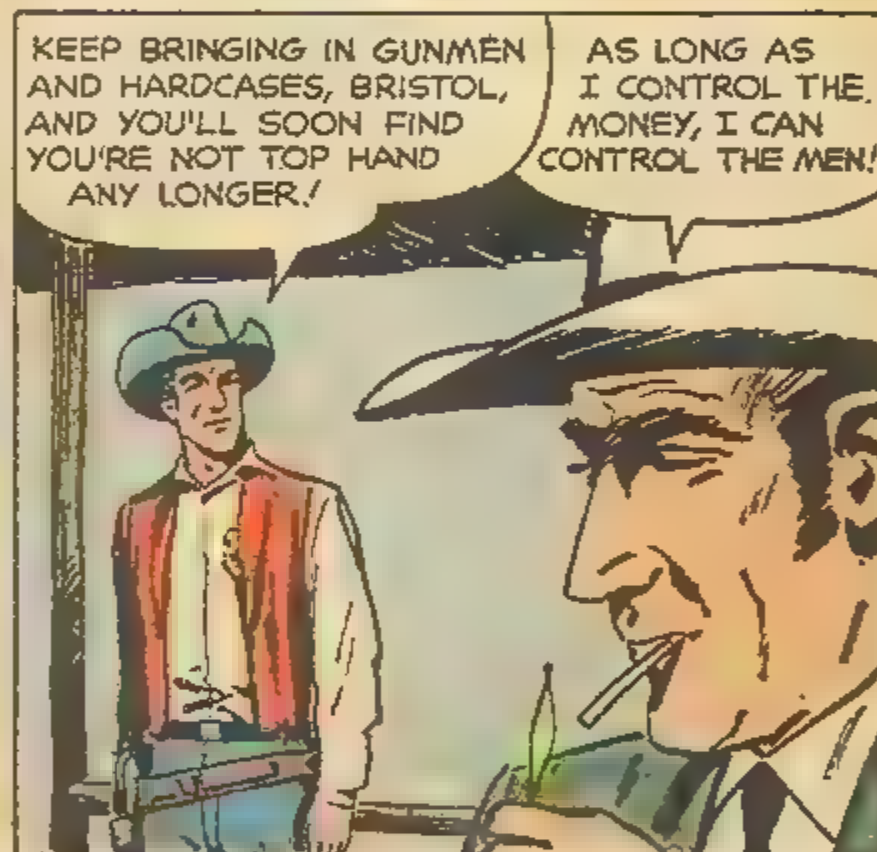
ARE THEY? I ONLY KNEW THAT THEY COULD HANDLE BUFFALO GUNS REAL WELL!

NEXT MORNING...



TWO OF YOUR HUNTERS ARE IN MY JAIL! THEY HELD UP A TRAIN, BRISTOL!

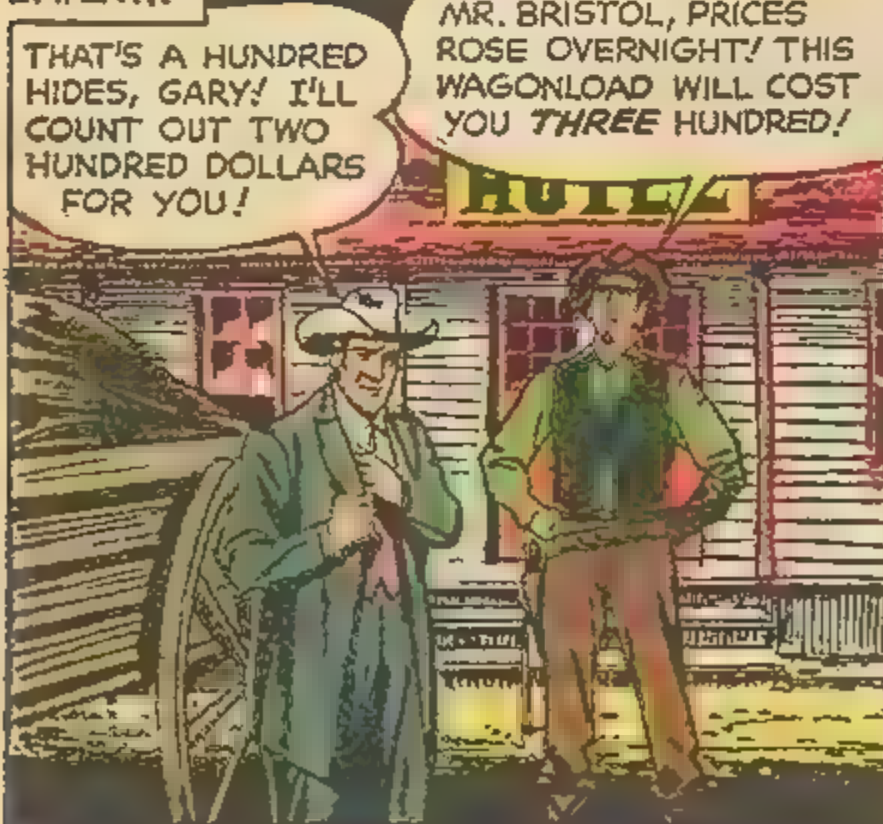
LOOK, MARSHAL, I DON'T CHECK REFERENCES... JUST SHOOTING SKILLS!



KEEP BRINGING IN GUNMEN AND HARDCASES, BRISTOL, AND YOU'LL SOON FIND YOU'RE NOT TOP HAND ANY LONGER!

AS LONG AS I CONTROL THE MONEY, I CAN CONTROL THE MEN!

LATER...



THAT'S A HUNDRED HIDES, GARY! I'LL COUNT OUT TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR YOU!

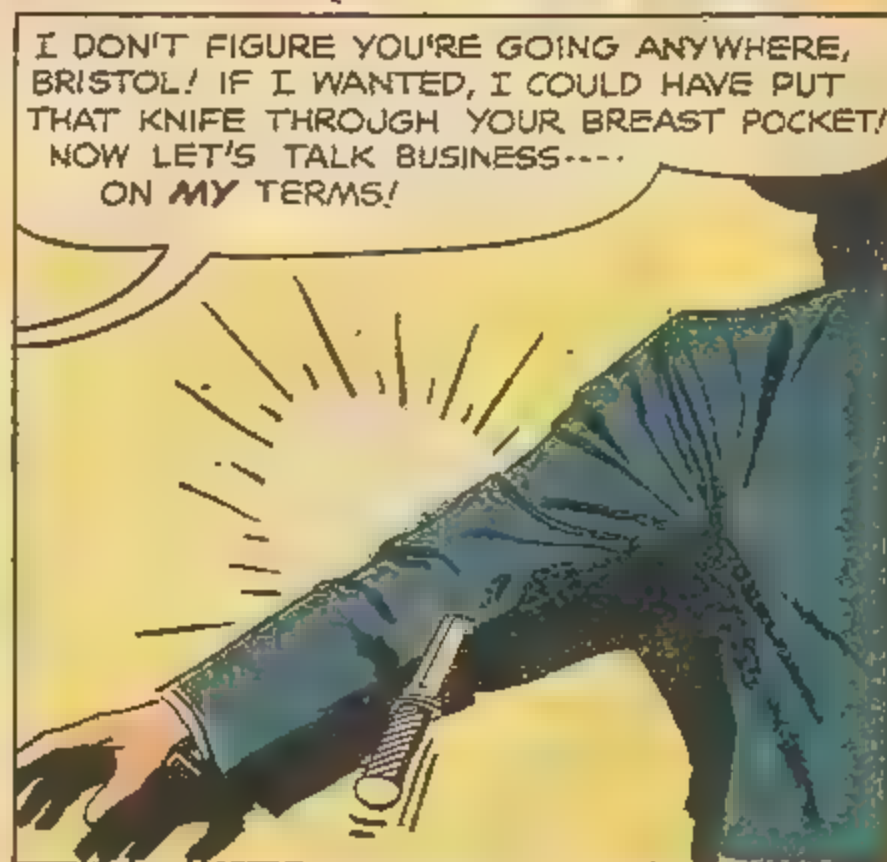
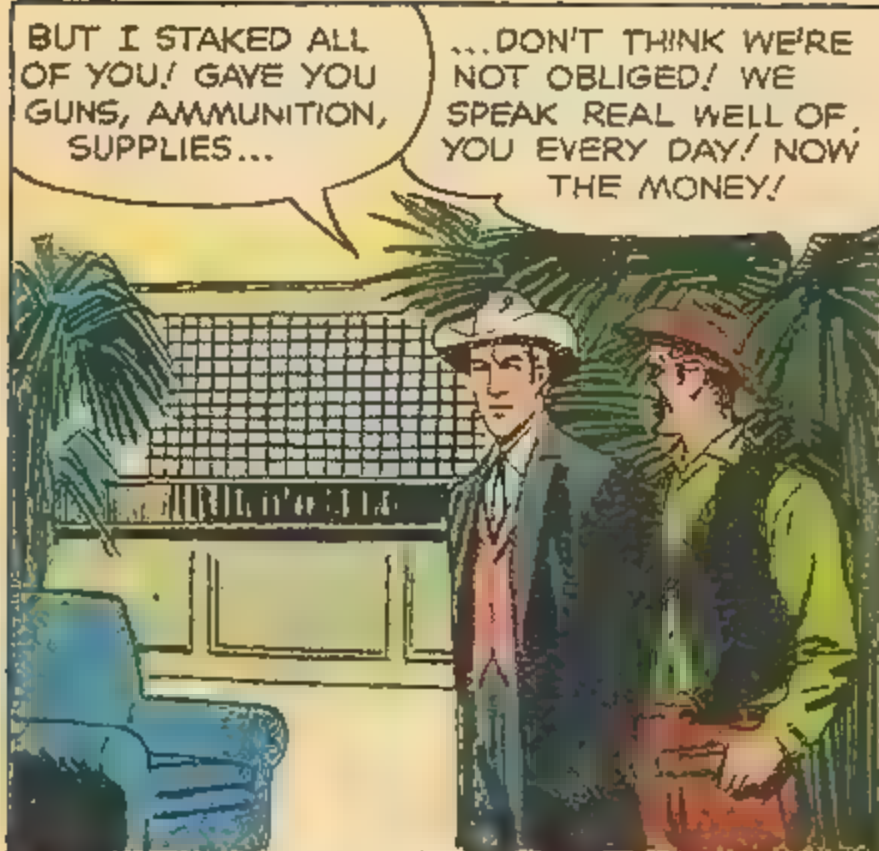
MR. BRISTOL, PRICES ROSE OVERNIGHT! THIS WAGONLOAD WILL COST YOU **THREE** HUNDRED!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, PRICES WENT UP?

SEEMS WE'VE GOT A MONOPOLY OUT ON THE PLAINS! I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT ALL THE OTHER OUTFITS ARE KIND OF SCARED OF US AND PULLED OUT! AND SINCE WE'RE THE ONLY ONES YOU CAN BUY HIDES FROM, **WE** SET OUR OWN PRICE!

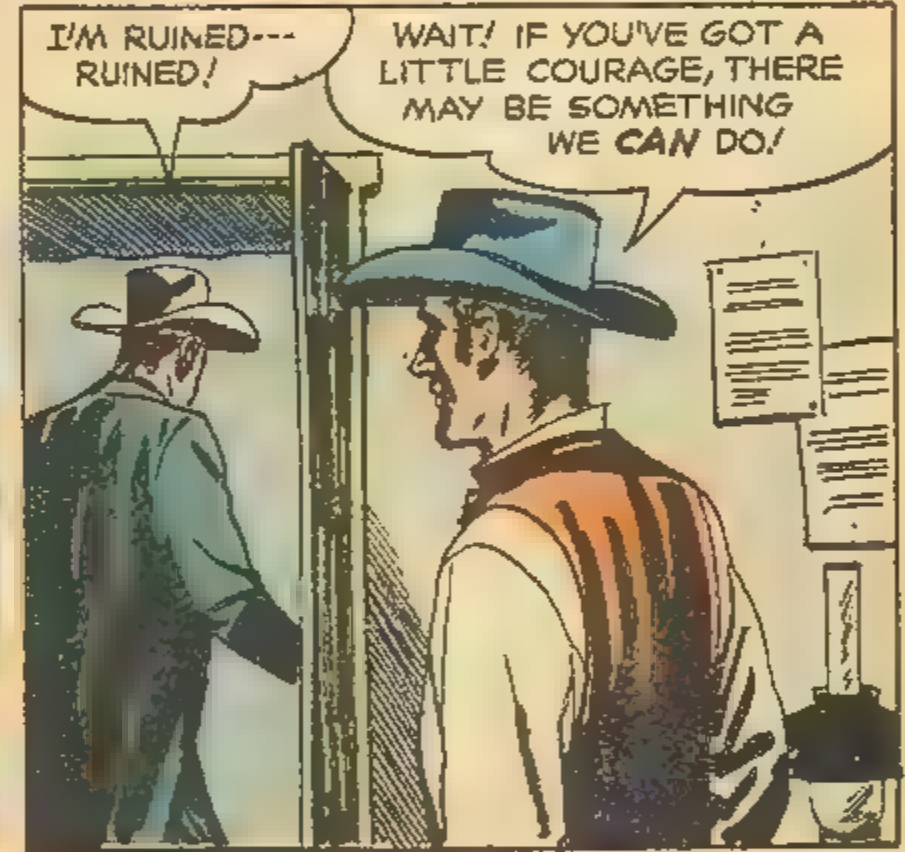
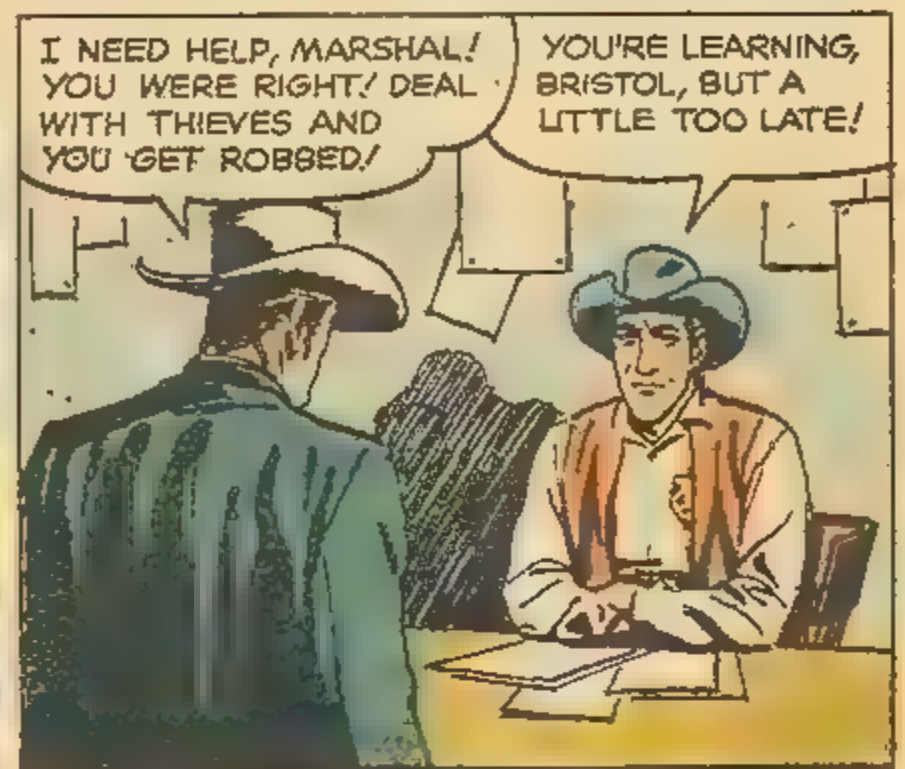




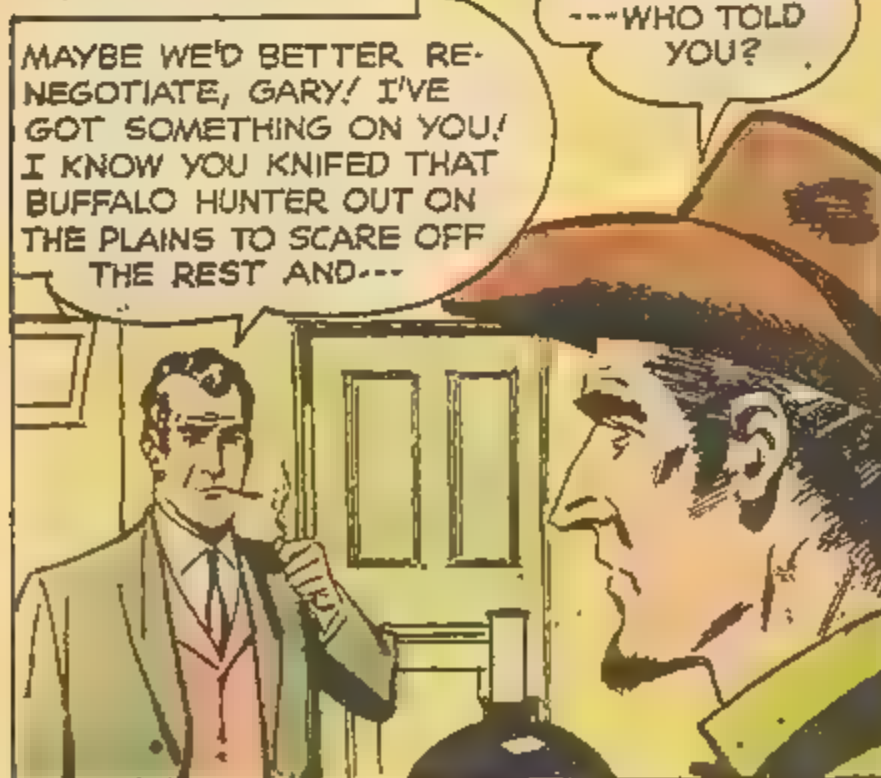




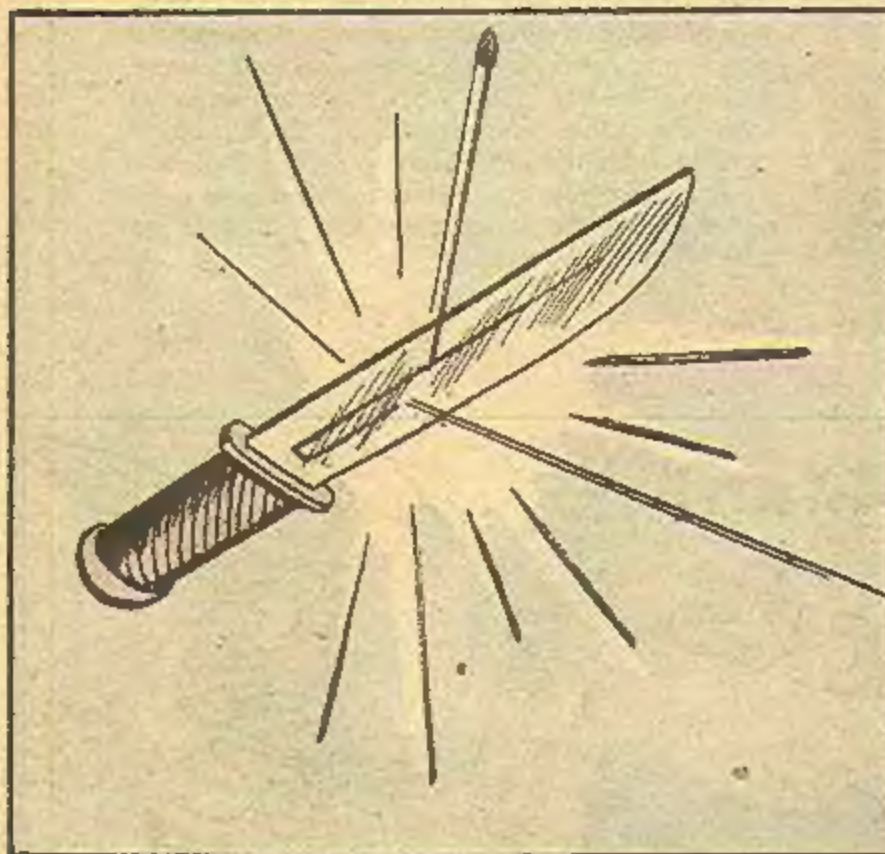
THAT EVENING, AFTER HESITATING ALL DAY, BRISTOL FINALLY TELLS THE WHOLE STORY TO MATT DILLON.



THE NEXT DAY, AS GARY CALLS ON BRISTOL FOR A HIDE PAYMENT...







MINUTES LATER, AT THE OFFICE...



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS





REMEMBER, FELLOWS, COME TO ME FOR THE BEST PRICES ON THOSE HIDES YOU COLLECT! I'VE LEARNED THE HARD WAY YOU CAN'T DO BUSINESS WITH CROOKS! AND THANKS TO MATT DILLON, I'M STILL IN BUSINESS!



## A PLEDGE TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our credo and constant goal.

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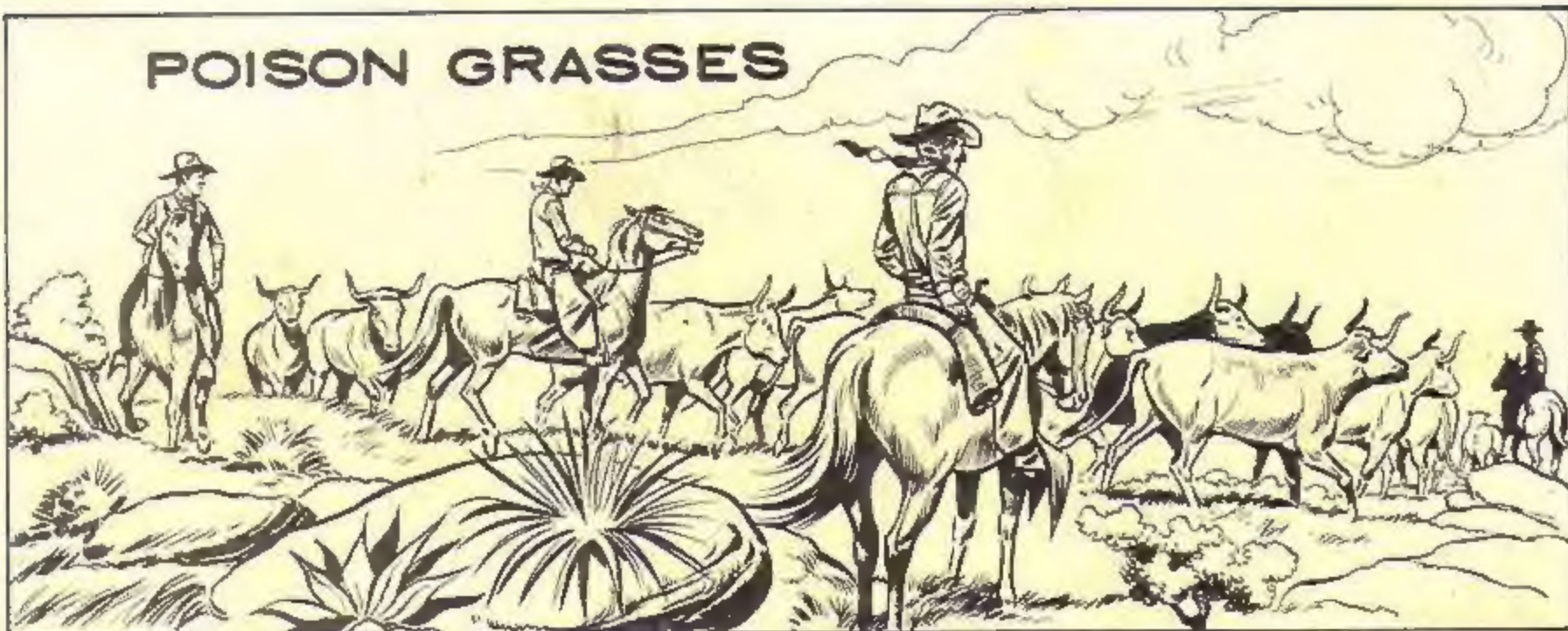


To be specific, they're terrific! The Bucks this year are "dirty"... grey... or white. Buckle oxfords with fluted vamps are... way out! Ditto, girls' new pump with Colonial buckles. Peak Loafers are a "must"! Both have new tapered toe!

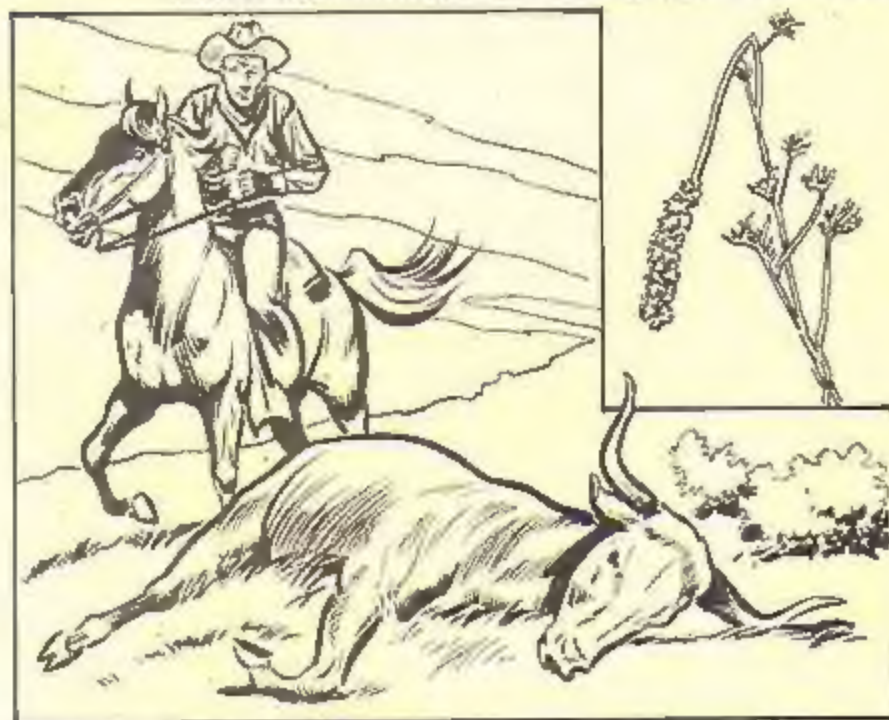
VAISEY-BRISTOL SHOE CO. • MONETT, MO.



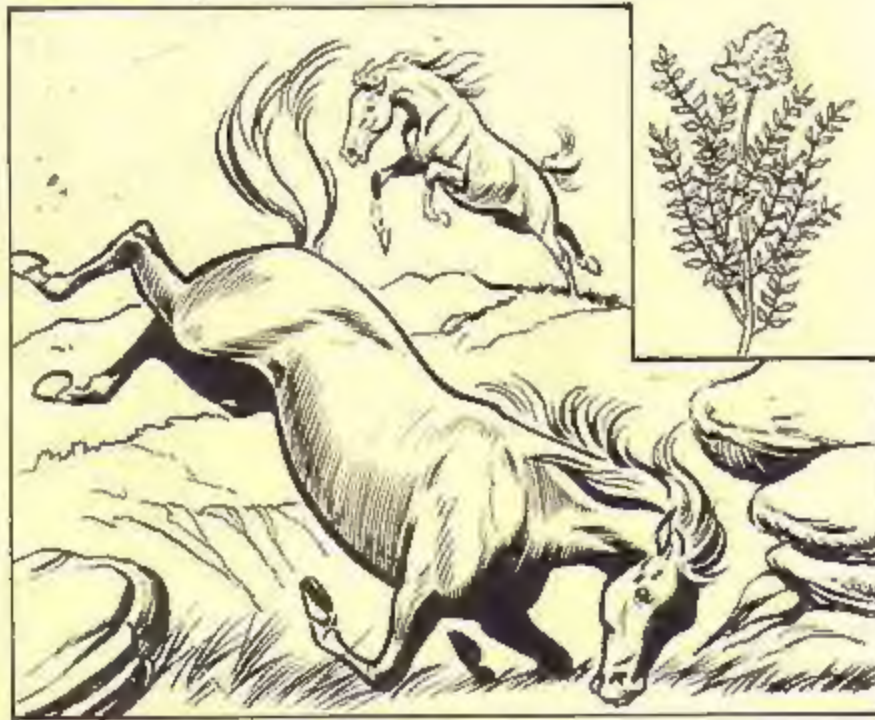
# POISON GRASSES



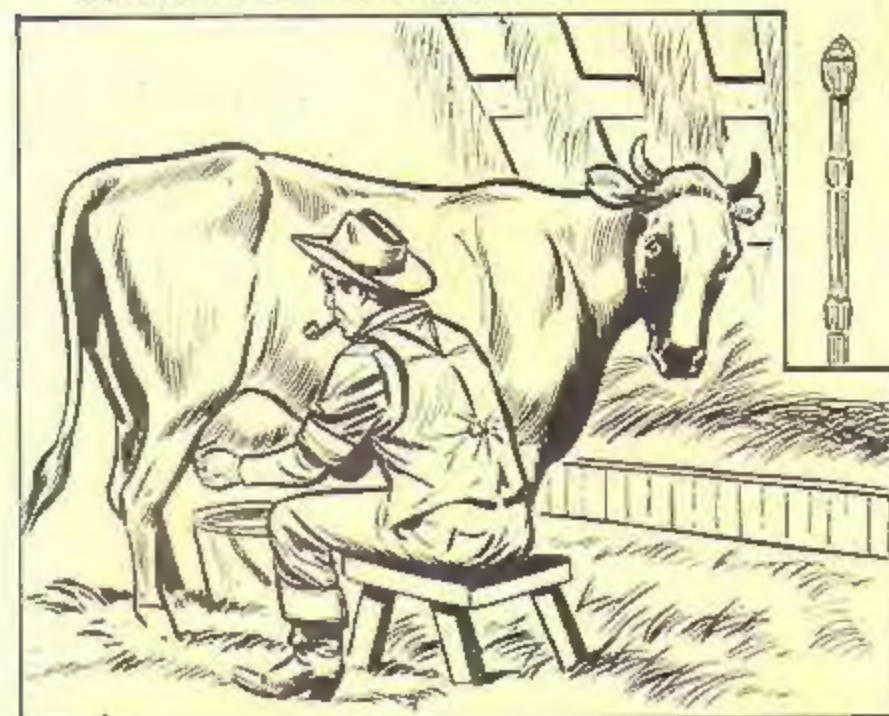
OLD CATTLEMEN REMEMBER THE WESTERN PRAIRIES AS A SEA OF GRASS, CHANGING COLOR AS THE WINDS BLEW THROUGH IT. HUNDREDS OF FINE GRASSES ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE HEALTHY HORSES AND CATTLE RAISED ON WESTERN RANCHES. MANY GRASSES, HOWEVER, ARE POISONOUS.



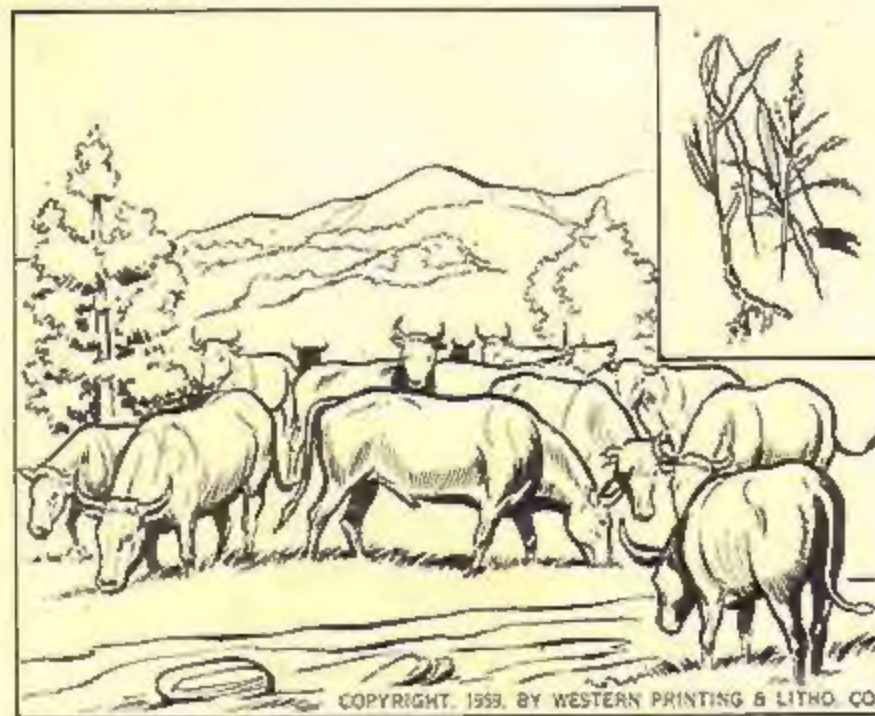
WHEN CATTLE EAT WILD LARKSPUR, THEY BECOME PARALYZED AND SUFFOCATE BECAUSE THEY CANNOT MOVE THEIR LUNG MUSCLES.



LOCO WEED AFFECTS A HORSE'S EYESIGHT. HE REARS, STUMBLES AND GOES WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER LOOKING FOR MORE LOCO.



HORSETAIL WILL POISON ANIMALS. IF A MILK COW EATS SOME SUCH WEEDS, HER MILK MAY BECOME POISONED AND MAKE A PERSON SERIOUSLY ILL.



SOME YOUNG GRASSES, SUCH AS JOHNSON GRASS, PRODUCE DEADLY CYANIDE. ABOUT FOUR PER CENT OF STOCK DIE YEARLY FROM POISON GRASS.

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